

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1947

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CLINIC, U.S.A.

by Senator Robert F. Wagner

This treasure on to you I pass

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A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



Join the Procession

A DUTY and a privilege confront the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, that of rallying to the support of the campaign to stem the inroads of infantile paralysis.

This year the March of Dimes campaign has been scheduled from January 15th to 30th. It is not enough that we equal last year's quota; we must double and triple it if we are to meet the grave situation that confronts the nation from polio.

Perhaps we have borne the brunt of this epidemic and it is now on the decline, but it will take years to undo the ravages of this disease. We have the victims, some showing marked improvement because of the research that has been made, and many others, running into the thousands, that will be handicapped for life.

The March of Dimes, encouraged as it is by every civic organization, needs your help and mine more than at any time in the past. For research, education and epidemic aid, the Infantile Foundation has authorized expenditures of \$17,329,189.01 and its chapters throughout the country have been drained. In my home county some thirty cases, many serious ones, call for heroic action. Tomorrow may be too late.

In all our history, except the period around World War I, the recent campaign is the most serious. Our late President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, fell victim to infantile paralysis, but stubborn resistance on his part, and a thorough knowledge of the disease, helped him to partial recovery. The greatest aids of polio are fear and ignorance. These we can overcome through a campaign of knowledge and financial assistance.

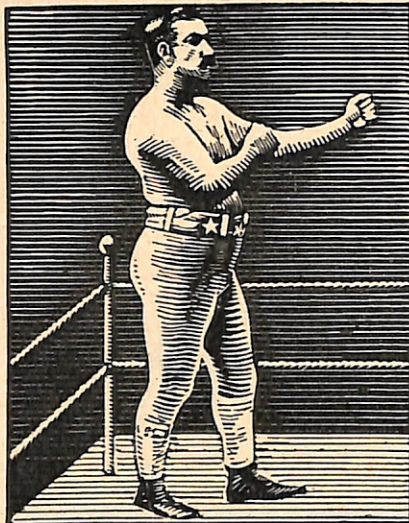
As Elks we cannot stand on the sidelines and still be true to the principle of aiding crippled and undernourished children.

Wherever there is a chapter of this organization, or a need to spread the gospel of the March of Dimes, won't you join the procession?

Faternally yours,

C. E. Broughton

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



JOHN L. SULLIVAN HAD TWO PUNCHES!

One he used to climb the heights to fistic immortality. With the other—made with America's great bitters—he knocked the blue bloods off their feet in Boston!

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C. W. Abbott



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JANUARY, CONTENTS

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

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by Howard Butler

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

WE ARE interested this month in presenting the views of one of the country's most distinguished legislators, Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York Lodge No. 1 on a pistol-hot issue which is commonly called "socialized medicine". The Senator from New York is a co-author of the much-discussed Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill. Next month it is our privilege to present a different point of view on this controversial subject by another prominent citizen, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O. Lodge. Dr. McCormick is not only one of the most distinguished members of our Order but one of the best-known doctors in the Middle West and Chairman of the Council on Medical Service of the American Medical Association.

We have added a new feature to your Magazine—a monthly newsletter from Washington. The country at large and Washington in particular being presently concerned over the political situation in the Capital, our on-the-spot, reliable "source of information" deals mainly with that subject in this particular issue.

There are other changes in this issue of *The Elks Magazine*, both in format and design. You will see the first four-color illustration we have ever printed. (There are others in the works.) We have shifted all the fraternal news pages to the back of the book to form a separate entity, making that section seem, in effect, to be another magazine, completely devoted to the activities of the Order, and at the same time making the first section of the book a magazine of general interest. It is our fervent hope that these changes merit the approval of our readers.

A communication from Jersey City, N.J., Lodge No. 211 informs us that members of that lodge regard an article which appeared in the November, 1946, issue of *The Elks Magazine* as an insult to their city, their lodge and their mayor. The article was called "Hard Luck Champs", by Clarence Weinstock.

Its thesis suggested that some individuals, because of psychological maladjustment, are prone to fall victim to a series of accidents, some of them culminating in death. One of the incidents cited was reported to have occurred in Jersey City.

The story, while serious in intent, was treated lightly and humorously, and clearly fictitious names were used.

While the Editors of this magazine do not feel the article could in any way be construed as an insult to the city, lodge, community or mayor, we are sorry if it caused pain or embarrassment to Jersey City Lodge or any of its members.

C. P.

Those in the know...ask for

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tasting Old Crow.*

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"Help me *walk* again..."



Join the
MARCH OF DIMES

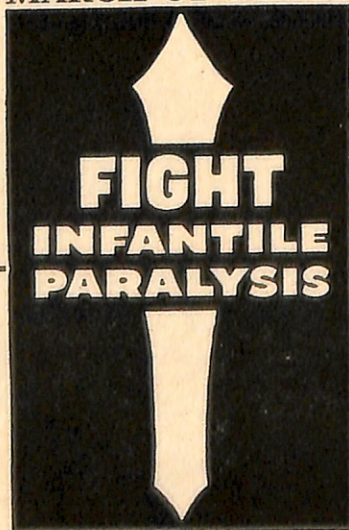
JANUARY 15-30
THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Please join the millions of your fellow-Americans when the March of Dimes opens its annual fund-raising drive on January 15.

Bear in mind that each county chapter keeps half of the March of Dimes money it raises. This money pays for transportation, hospitalization, treatment and medical care of any person in the county stricken with the disease, regardless of age, color, creed or race.

Give your dimes with a full heart, and be thankful for this opportunity to help some little boy or girl to walk again.

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 15-30

It's a Man's World



by Dickson Hartwell

A SHORT time ago, on a quick trip to Hollywood, I went into a men's shop to borrow a pencil, mine having worn out. The windows were full of clothing of the type now being displayed in such scattered, fun-in-the-sun spots as Phoenix, Las Vegas and Miami Beach—stuff which a few years ago not even a male ballet dancer would have been caught alive in. There were robin's egg blue slacks, golden rust corduroy sports coats, vivid jackets of van Gogh yellow and scarves and sports shirts done in all the pastels in the world.

After stalking me for half an hour, a salesman finally pounced on me and I asked him who was buying all these creations. I suggested that maybe the customers were mainly radio comedians, movie actors and uninhibited advertising executives who will wear anything once just so long as it has pockets. He told me I was wrong. Most of the people who bought them, he said, were businessmen — prosperous businessmen, the sort who spend most of their time rushing about making big deals. These are the men who carry bulging brief cases as a badge of earnestness and who go about wearing their ambition on their sleeves at a point where, a generation or two ago, certain young ladies used to wear their hearts.

In other words, I was assured, these vivid affairs are being worn by men who aren't likely to mistake a clothes hanger for a limb and climb out on the end of it.

They are bought by men who try to be correct. My salesman said that their recent switch to color heralded the great Pants and Vest Revolution and marked a kind of sartorial Magna Charta which opens a new world to us angels-who-fear-to-tread in anything but plain black oxfords.

The salesman said a lot more. The use of color in men's clothes (other than brown worsted and blue serge, he meant) is a subject on which there is vast literature, most of which bores me stiff. But the clerk, who wore a necktie on which was a rainbow's conception of Salvadore Dali, was obviously a zealot in search of a convert, meaning me. He talked rapidly about the rough, tough swordsmen who dressed like peacocks in the court of Louie the Cans or somebody, and who cut quite a figure among the ladies-in-waiting. As I shifted uneasily from foot to foot he zipped into Phase Two of his dissertation, or Color Among the Wild Things. That's all the stuff about male birds being prettier than female birds and how nobody looks twice at a lady lion, they're that plain. While he was swinging into Phase Three (Why Should a Necktie Be Man's Only Touch of Color?) I swung out through the revolving door, still needing a pencil.

But I was impressed, because those pastel sports clothes in the window warmed you up inside just to look at them. I wanted to know more about this color thing. So on my way through New York a

(Continued on page 35)

ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

How to keep the big stick that's your trump card from turning into a two-edged sword is the hot problem facing GOP Bigwigs in Washington in 1947.

The shillelagh is investigations. It's the Long Maria for the assault on the Presidency in 1948. November's successful envelopment of the House and Senate put it squarely in GOP hands. But how to swing it safely?

★

Worried Republican chieftains would like to know the answer. How can they control their party's investigating functions? Well-managed investigations, they feel sure, can provide all the ammunition needed for 1948. But they're afraid of defective fuses.

To be effective, a Congressional investigation must be good technically and properly focused. It must not be boring. The Republican leaders know this and shudder at the thought of the public reaction to an all-winter witch-hunt managed by any of the more rampant individualists in their own ranks.

★

It's common knowledge that there are a lot of Republicans who would like to run investigations of "leftism" in Washington, who see Russian fifth columnists behind every Washington column. Opportunities for personal glorification and head line grabbing will be great. The Republican problem is to see that the sure-to-come investigations are conducted for the benefit of the party and not for the benefit of individual politicians.

Then what to do with the zealot who jumps up and offers a resolution to investigate Communism in the State Department? Under the rules he will head the investigating committee if the resolution is adopted. You can't oppose investigating communism. But where are you when the net result is the discovery that three State Department janitors read the DAILY WORKER?

But the GOP high command faces difficulties in any investigation--difficulties in finding a purely Democratic operation to probe.

Also worrying the Republicans as they formally assume the legislative power this month is the dangerous thinking involved in the assumption held by many in its ranks that the party will coast in to the Presidency in 1948. Some hard thinkers know it won't be quite so easy.

★

November's election results produced evidence of increasing Democratic realism in December. They relieved some tremendous internal pressures which had built up in some parts of the Administration. They restored the "political realists" completely to the saddle, especially those who regard the GOP victory not as a revolt against Big Government but against inefficiency--never knowing when your bank account is overdrawn.

Watch for a strategic defense of the Democratic bastions from now on. There'll be no more Thermopylae, no more Alamos and hedge-hog defenses. Democratic plans now call for beating the Republicans to the punch on all things in public disfavor. Congress will find few controls left to needle.

★

Long overdue, CPA-OPA merger should be completely effected before this reaches print. Distribution controls on finished housing materials are sure to go at almost any time. But priority allocations of basic materials to the housing program are likely to remain. VHP-1, the limitation on non-housing construction, probably will be with us many, many months.

Readied for the end of price controls on new houses is an RFC guarantee plan for second mortgages for veterans. It constitutes recognition of an established fact--that the Federally-backed loans for veterans' home purchases are not large enough to permit many title transfers in today's market.

★

Will guaranteed second mortgages be needed? There are two schools of thought. Lifting of distribution con-
(Continued on page 37)

CLINIC, U. S. A.

By Senator Robert F. Wagner

**An author of the
Wagner-Murray-
Dingell Bill
explains this
controversial Health
Insurance Plan**

THOUGH the years since Pasteur are only the span of a man's life, they mark one of the most important chapters in history. And yet man's search for health and for prevention of disease and disability is never done.

We have solved many problems in learning how to make our environment sanitary and safe, in controlling the infectious diseases and the mortality of infancy, in avoiding industrial hazards, in caring for the injured worker and his family, and in many other fields. However, most illness cannot yet be prevented, and man must have the services of physicians and their colleagues to keep him well and to heal him when he is sick.

It is an elementary truism that we must live in our times, not in those of our forefathers. Today we have an industrial society, operated through a money economy. Health services cost money, and to purchase them a family must have the price. Through nobody's plan or fault, medicine in our times finds itself in the market place. It does not belong there for two basic reasons. First, our society has accepted the principle that medical care is a basic necessity of life which everyone should have, according to his need for service; no one should be deprived of this necessity, regardless of his inability to pay. Our society has already settled this through public actions, legislation and tax support for special programs. Secondly, medicine does not belong in the market place because placing a price on medical services or supplies is fundamentally incompatible with the codes and the ethics of the profession of medicine.

Health Insurance Makes Good Medical Care Possible

The time has come—indeed, it has long been here—to modernize the economics of medicine so as to make it compatible with the science and the professional standards of medicine. Health insurance is a way of solving this central health problem of our times. Obviously, the problem can be solved only by looking at both the economic principles, and also

at professional needs. Fortunately, health insurance meets both needs in such a way that the solution of one reinforces that of the other. By relieving people of heavy, sudden and burdensome costs, health insurance makes possible good medical care.

Only a few years ago, many challenged the wisdom of government participation in old-age and survivor insurance, a measure designed to help workers maintain economic independence for themselves and their dependents when their years of productivity were past, and for their widows and orphans if premature death overtakes them. Today, this provision for economic security is an accepted part of our national life, with a trend toward expansion of coverage and liberalization of benefits.

Old-age and survivor insurance has shown that government can use social insurance as a tool for meeting a general need without sacrifice of any of the principles of freedom upon which our nation rests. We must now turn our attention to the other major threat common to all of us: ill health. There is a growing demand for legislation to help our people meet their individual health needs through a national health plan. Opposition comes mainly from members of the medical profession. I believe that this opposition is due largely to lack of understanding of the aims of the bills that have been introduced and the methods they propose for meeting these aims. Unfortunately, some of the misunderstanding seems to have been fostered deliberately by various groups which are opposed to any change.

This is a welcome opportunity to present the problems as I see them, and the solutions which Senator Murray, Representative Dingell and I have offered in our Senate bill S. 1606, and a companion bill in the House of Representatives, H. R. 4730.

There is no longer any need to prove that our health record in the United States has not kept pace with the progress of medical science. If all that is known to the medical profession about diagnosis, prevention and cure of disease were made

available to all those who need the benefit of such knowledge and skill, thousands of lives, tens of thousands of cases of sickness, millions of days of productivity, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be saved each year. For instance, in spite of our recent progress in controlling infant mortality, it has been estimated that 3,000 babies born in Texas last year, who died within a year, would have lived if the same low infant-mortality rate which prevailed in Connecticut had also prevailed in Texas. This needless wasteful expenditure of human life reflects the deplorable failure of public health and medical services to keep step with medical science.

We all owe an eternal debt of gratitude to scientists and the medical professions for the modern miracles of medicine. But the wonders of modern medicine should not be distributed haphazardly, depending on such accidental circumstances as place of residence and ability to pay for service at the moment when medical care is needed. Where human life and well-being are at stake, we owe it to ourselves to plan so that all of us can get the care we need when we need it. Medical and hospital care are not like an automobile, a washing machine, a refrigerator or a house. These commodities people can purchase at one time or another, according to their financial resources and their preferences. Medical care cannot be deferred to a period of greater affluence or wait upon a combination of better circumstances. It is a service which people should have when they need it. We must arrange in advance the favorable circumstances so that, in the millions of daily emergencies which the public and the medical profession must meet, there is no avoidable restriction in furnishing service to all who are stricken with illness.

Improvement of the national health rests on the solution of the five problems stated by President Truman in his message to Congress on November 19, 1945. They are:

1. Increasing the number and improving the distribution of doctors, dentists and hospitals;

2. Improving public health services and maternal and child health care;
3. Encouraging medical research and professional education;

4. Arranging for the prepayment of medical costs;

5. Providing insurance for loss of workers' earnings during illness. The medical profession and the public are substantially in agreement about the necessity for accomplishing these aims. The only controversial issue is on the method by which the fourth point, the prepayment of medical costs, would be accomplished. Bills sponsored by Senator Murray, Representative Dingell and myself contain our proposed solutions to each of these problems. I will dwell here only on the fourth point.

Until a few years ago, the medical profession denied that medical care was inadequate and that any appreciable number of people failed to receive the care they need and want. And the profession denied that costs stood in the way of getting care that is needed and wanted. We are all thankful that our good friends, the doctors, have been persuaded by the facts, and now admit there are unmet needs.

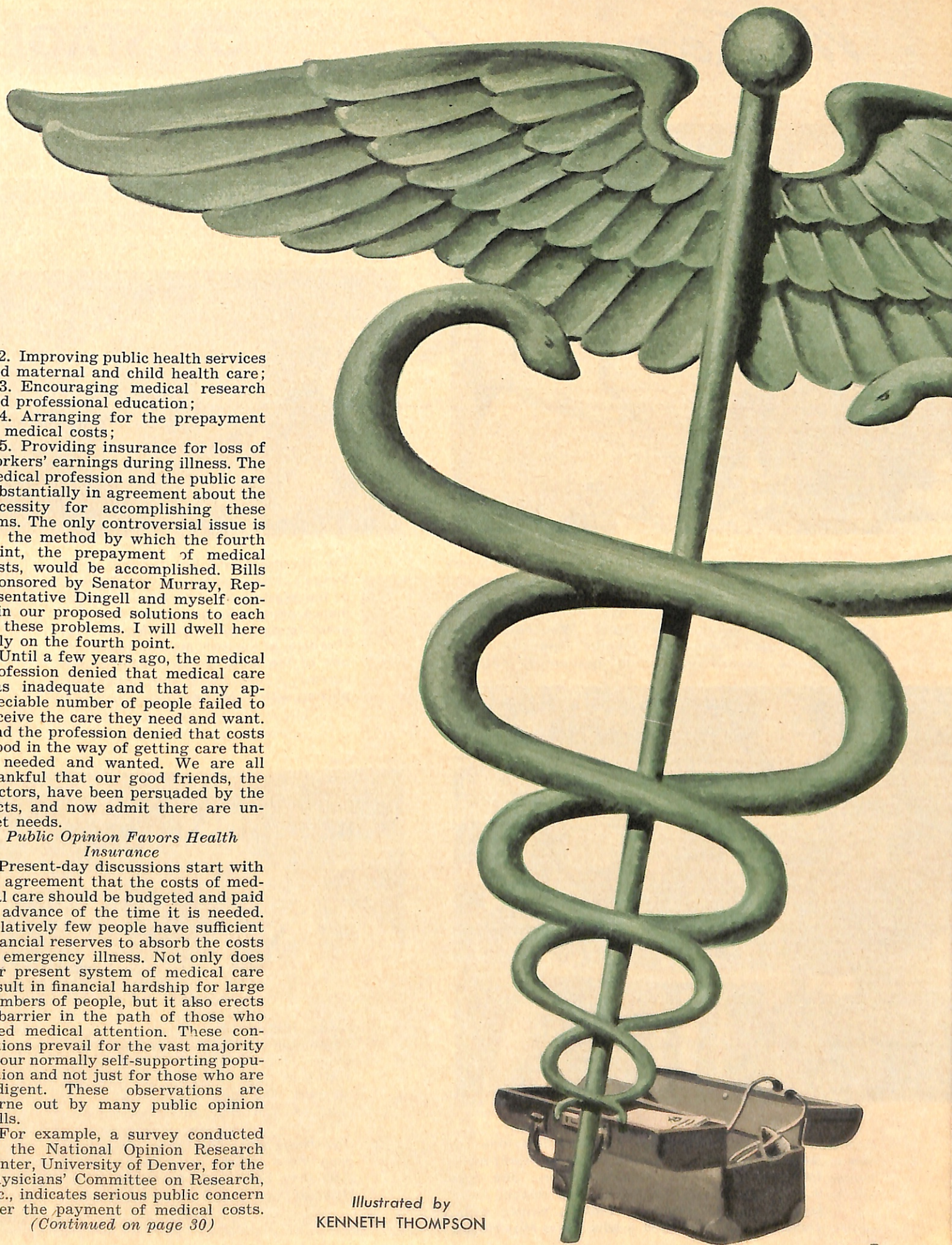
Public Opinion Favors Health Insurance

Present-day discussions start with an agreement that the costs of medical care should be budgeted and paid in advance of the time it is needed. Relatively few people have sufficient financial reserves to absorb the costs of emergency illness. Not only does our present system of medical care result in financial hardship for large numbers of people, but it also erects a barrier in the path of those who need medical attention. These conditions prevail for the vast majority of our normally self-supporting population and not just for those who are indigent. These observations are borne out by many public opinion polls.

For example, a survey conducted by the National Opinion Research Center, University of Denver, for the Physicians' Committee on Research, Inc., indicates serious public concern over the payment of medical costs.

(Continued on page 30)

Illustrated by
KENNETH THOMPSON



We Recommend:

ON STAGE:



Vaudaussy Studio

Ina Claire, back on Broadway with all her witchery and stage magic, shows herself again to be one of the most gifted comediennes on the American or any other stage. Above, in the comedy by George Kelly, "The Fatal Weakness", she astounds her daughter, Jennifer Jones, by her attitude toward her stage husband's infidelity.



Vaudaussy Studio

A mousy librarian (Helen Hayes) determines to get her bank clerk friend (Louis Jean Heydt) away from another woman (Loraine Miller). She does it by getting fried in a New Jersey saloon. Anita Loos' comedy, "Happy Birthday", written especially for Miss Hayes, is a lulu. So is Miss Hayes.

Graphic House



The Theatre Guild has brought John Synge's Irish comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World", back to prominence, starring Burgess Meredith. With great tenderness and insight into the character of the Irish, Meredith pulls off one of the finest performances of his career. Above he is shown philosophizing with J. M. Kerrigan.

Graphic House

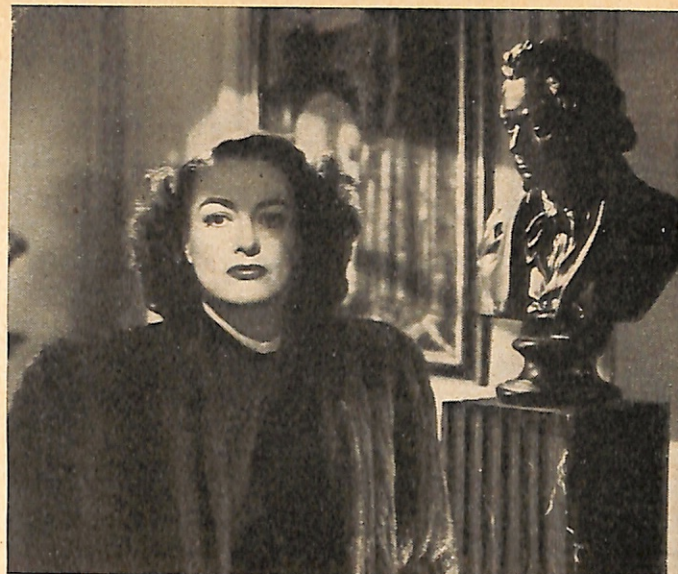


Lillian Hellman has hit the jackpot again with her drama, "Another Part of the Forest", in which Scott McKay and Jean Hagen, above, are part of the cast. The play is a forerunner, in time, of Miss Hellman's previous hit, "The Little Foxes", and the playwright depicts the same characters. They are even more selfish, venal and wicked than they became in later life. Miss Hellman has a smash hit on her hands.

ON SCREEN:



Through RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc., Samuel Goldwyn presents a masterful production in "The Best Years of Our Lives" starring Myrna Loy, Fredric March and Teresa Wright, above, who have a stormy scene when they learn of Teresa's marriage plans. "The Best Years" is a tear-jerker concerned with the homecoming of three veterans.



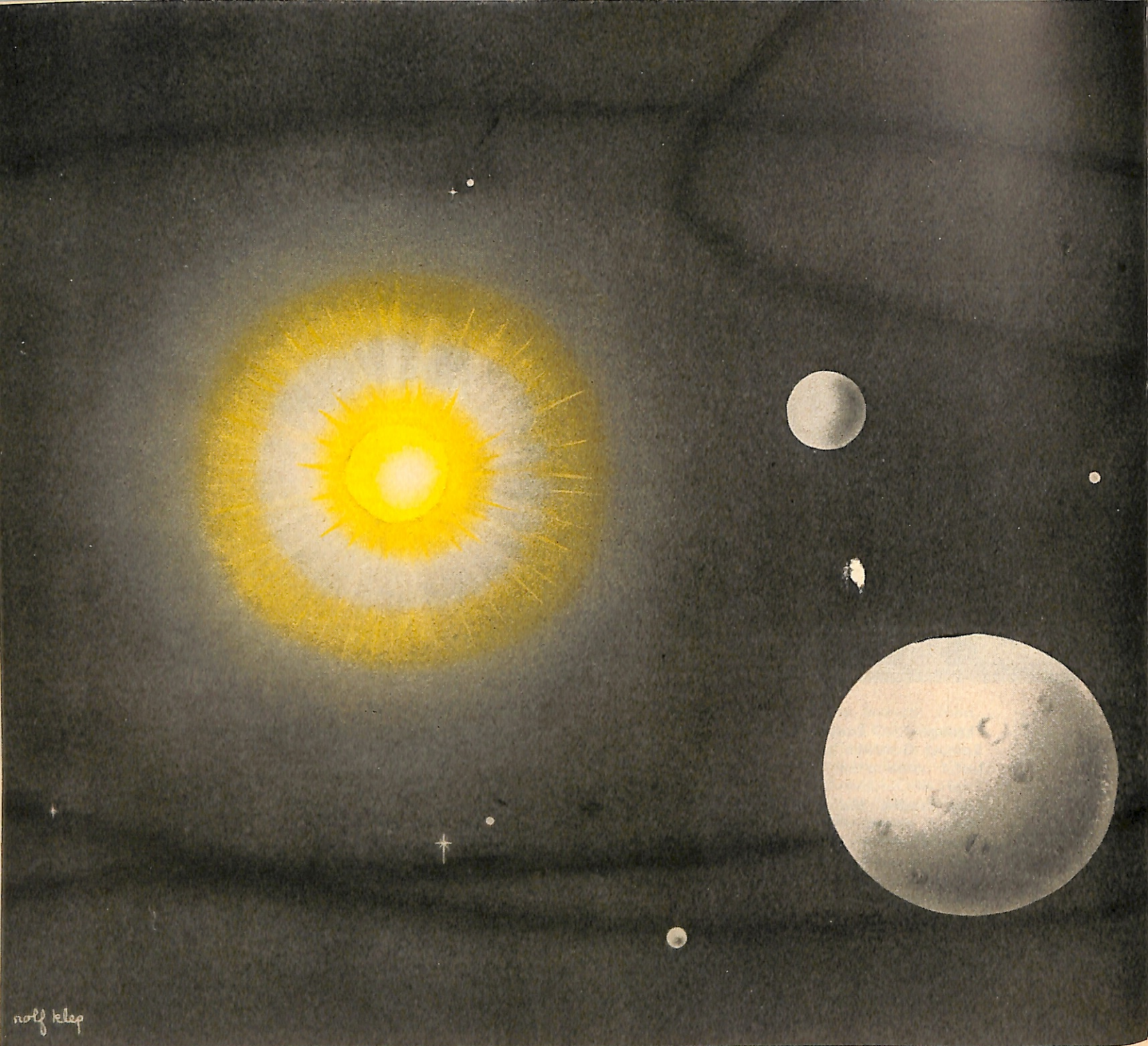
"Joan was never lovelier," as Lolly would say, in Warner Bros. "Humoresque", in which she stars with John Garfield and Oscar Levant. "Humoresque" is a sophisticated bit about a violinist who falls in love with a Married Woman (Miss Crawford, naturally), Rich (so Miss Crawford can wear mink), and a Patroness of the Arts. It all ends badly for Miss Crawford, and the violinist goes home to Mother.



Bogart is at it again, a lady-killing tough, in Columbia Pictures' "Dead Reckoning". It's a natural for Bogart, who comes up with a beautiful new blonde, Lizabeth Scott, see above. Morris Carnovsky is the heavy.



Two of Paramount's top stars, Barbara Stanwyck and Ray Milland, co-operate with one another, left, and with Paramount in making a super-colossal epic of the Golden West called "California". It's good, too. Paced well, and beautifully shot.



Back of the Moon

Mr. Heinlein indicates what could happen if somebody made a fatal mistake in nuclear research.

By Robert A. Heinlein

er that makes the Sun to burn is inescapably with us, in our laps, forevermore.

What are we to do with it?

A logical mind could perceive, in 1938, that Lise Meitner's figures necessarily would explode, soon, over some city—Hiroshima—or Berlin, or London, or New York. Logical minds *did* perceive it, and so organized and persevered that the Bomb fell on an Axis city. Praise and thanks!

If logic could predict the atomic bomb in 1938 then logic applied to 1945 facts should give some notion of things to come. Let's take a look at the future:

Mr. Truman and many others have said that our civilization could not survive the Atomic War. Granted . . . but what are the dangers of the Atomic Peace?

They are of such magnitude that we cannot now measure them, except for the certainty that they are immense and ominous beyond any former threat to the human race. Danger not simply of death by the millions or the hundreds of millions. Our race is tough and used to disaster. Decimated again and again, it will survive, breed, rebuild. No, not alone danger to the swarm, *danger to the hive*, danger to the sweet, green planet on which we walk, danger that we will make the earth under our feet unable to support us, crack open its crust, shift its seas, blow the air around us into outer space and replace it with noxious gases from the molten interior.

Even danger that we may set it afire to burn with the fire of the Sun.

Short weeks ago these nightmares were stuff for the Sunday supplements, the comic strips, and the pulps. Today they are as real as traffic lights and as practical as life insurance.

Here is a teaser of next week's show:

1955: In an underground laboratory half a dozen people are at work. Two of them, Doctor Thomas Dooley and Doctor Maurice Feinstein, are seated at a control board which stretches away to the left and right. Each has a switch, each stares at a dial. If either one removes his hand from his switch, the experiment proceeding beyond the control board stops, cadmium shields flash into place, other automatic safety measures occur as rapidly as explosives, electromagnets and steel springs can act.

Tom and Maury are not the first line of defense, but the last. Electric eyes, automatic interlocks, electronic safety devices should make their presence unnecessary, but the head of their research team is a careful man. He knows that the experiment is dangerous. The atomic fuel being manipulated beyond the control board, beyond the massive shields

and tanks, is no minor poundage such as was used to erase Hiroshima ten years back. He is playing with ton lots for big stakes—free and unlimited industrial power.

Maury is bored. Tom is bored and sleepy. Both are annoyed at the Chief's insistence that physicists stand a safety watch so routine that a junior technician could do it as well. Besides that, Tom feels a cold coming on—his nose tickles. He rubs it with his free hand but it persists. He sneezes.

"Gesundheit," offers Maury.

"Thank you. Say, Maury," he adds, as his eyes come back to the dial, "I thought I saw—"

The sentence remains unfinished. He was vaporized at that instant.

DOOLEY and Feinstein had not failed, nor had the automatic safety devices. The catastrophe happened because of an error in mathematical theory, a slightly mistaken assumption by the mathematical physicist whose work had preceded the meticulously careful laboratory work. The safety devices were not set to protect against this faulty assumption.

Suppose the laboratory were in the Adirondacks:

The flash was seen throughout the Mississippi Valley. A thousand miles away, more or less, the startled inhabitants had an hour and a half in which to assure themselves that, after all, it was just a big meteor, when the sound arrived—the crack of doom. Then the first of the quakes and an unending grumbling roar. With it the wind and the dust.

The Washington Monument and the Capitol Building collapsed on the first shock. It took the second and the wind to bring the skyscrapers down. It was dark by then, black dark, with a driving muddy rain. Under the gloom of the storm the Atlantic Ocean backed away from the tortured land as far as the Continental Shelf. London was warned of what was coming by the stoppage of radio from the east coast of America, but it did her no good; there was no way, no way at all, to stop what was coming. The wave struck Liverpool first, then through the Channel with a sweeping haymaker up the Seine Valley, and boiled on through the Straits. London was not covered so deeply as Liverpool until the other half of the wave which had poured around the north of Scotland joined the first and reinforced it while it was trying to back out.

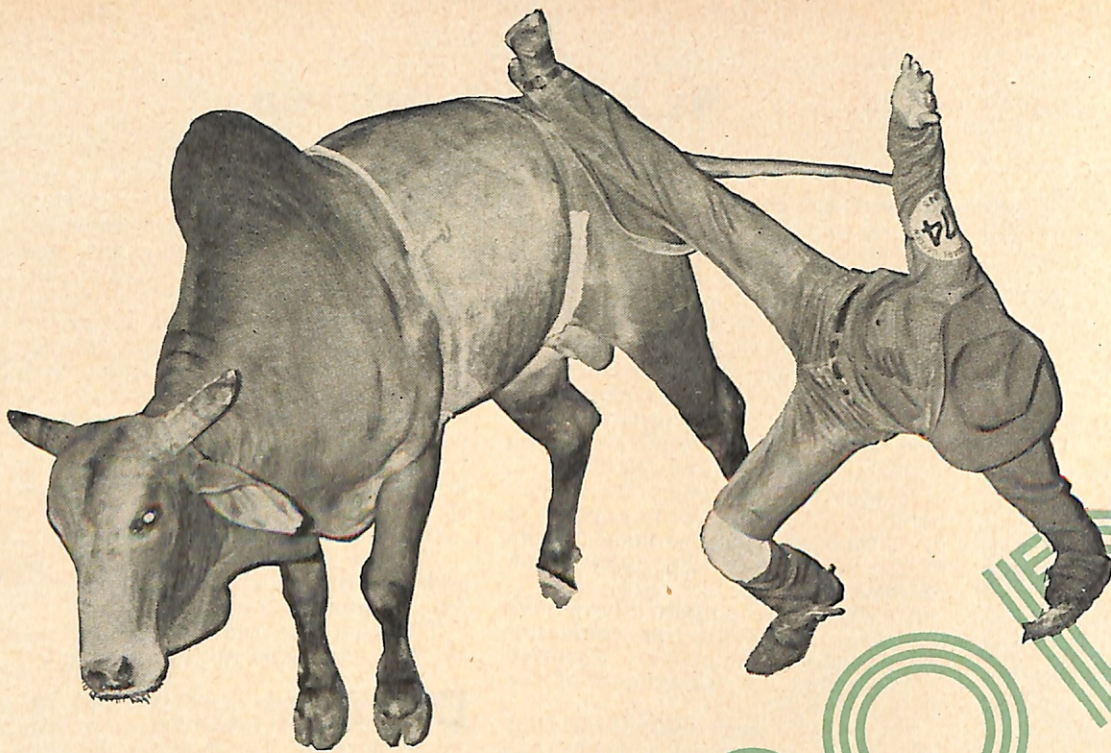
When the great wave returned it flooded the east coast cities from Havana to Halifax. Because of their inland channel locations Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington were almost a day later in drowning

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Illustrated by ROLF KLEP

THE day that Dr. Lise Meitner took a train for Stockholm, a "non-Aryan" refugee from the Master Race, she might understandably have been soaked in self-pity for her lost home, her quiet laboratory. Instead she was thinking about the curious behavior of a uranium atom. She began writing down figures.

Seven years later those figures burst over Hiroshima in such unbelievable and horrible power that even they who had planned it were made afraid. This was the power that runs the Universe. It had been kept at least ninety million miles away from us—even at that distance it could and did kill uncautious men on clear, sunny days. Now that pow-



RODUST



By Jean Muir

OLD bulldoggers have gold teeth—a regrettable outcome of a lifetime spent biting the lips of Longhorn steers. But the gilded smiles of bulldoggers are not the only odd by-products of the country's rodeos, which began with a few hotheads betting among themselves at round-ups and finished as a huge and organized business playing to nearly two million Wild West fans a year.

Cowboys sum it up this way: "Rodeo is the only sport in the world where a contestant has to have the guts to gamble an entrance fee of maybe \$200 that he's a better man than the rest of the outfit."

The propensity of cowboys to back their skill with cold cash is one factor that has pushed rodeo into a top place among the nation's sports. Another is the willingness of western businessmen and stockmen to throw in their time and work for the fun of seeing the Old West come alive again for a day.

Each year 200 rodeos deal out thrills to Wild West fans in the United States and Canada. Some are

straight commercial shows. The majority are community ventures backed by local citizens who believe that rodeo pays off in publicity value to the town and in the business it brings to Main Street. Production costs run from \$20,000 a day for the big shows to an average of \$5,000 a day for the middle-sized rodeos. They keep approximately 75 contractors busy supplying them with livestock at prices ranging from \$3,000 for the smaller shows to \$5,000 a day for the big affairs which may use as high as ten carloads of stock—four carloads of bucking horses; a load of parade horses, roping horses and grand entry horses; two carloads of Brahma bulls; one of calves, and two of steers for roping and bulldogging. Sometimes one contractor furnishes all the livestock for a show; at other times three or four outfits may contract for one rodeo. Frequently a contractor hits as many as eight or ten rodeos a year.

The cowboys themselves have developed into a professional class. It's not unusual for riders and ropers to

cover 25,000 miles a year, making the big circuit of Calgary's Stampede, Pendleton's Round-Up, Cheyenne's Frontier Days, Salinas, Ellensburg, taking their pick of a hundred other shows and ending the season at Madison Square Garden.

Pickings are slim for the second raters but top men earn between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year. Rodeos put up a purse for each competitive event as well as a prize for the champion all-around cowboy of the show. Rodeo money is added to entrance fees paid by contestants. In a roping event, the entrance fee has been known to run as high as \$250 with 80 ropers entered in the event. Part goes to the winners of the finals and part is paid as day money to the four top men in each day's contest. In addition, winning scores are sent to

the Rodeo Association of America and purses awarded top men in each class, world's champions chosen by the point system with each point representing a dollar of rodeo money earned during the year.

All the contestants are as effectively organized as steel workers. The old Turtles organization, formed to promote cowboy interests in prize lists and handle disputes over purses and rules, has recently been reorganized and named the Rodeo Cowboys' Association.

Even the Indians who sweep like

it over to the Indians for a barbecue. Squaws used to flock like flies around a carcass until not so much as a grease spot was left on the ground.

Indians are still hard-money people, but they've raised the ante considerably and when a steer is handed to them they delicately cut off the hams and leave the rest where it lies. Like the rest of rodeo, they've turned into big business.

But let's see how all this started.

As early as there were cowboys there were competitions—top riders betting among themselves at round-ups and taking on the bronc riders from neighboring outfits. Trail herds coming in to southern cow towns used to pick their best roper, match him against the best of another trail herd and either end up with all the money or arrive in town broke. From these competitions, private ropings developed, where each cowpuncher put up his money and roped for it as if he were dealing himself a hand at poker. Private ropings with \$500 or \$1000 in the kitty are still not unusual in the Southwest.

As far back as the 1880's Prescott, Arizona, and Pecos, Texas, had started competitive rodeos. But these were local shows, drawing cowhands from neighboring ranches to compete. Credit for introducing the general public to the Wild West goes to Buffalo Bill Cody, whose show played the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, went on to make a triumphal tour of the country and finally in-

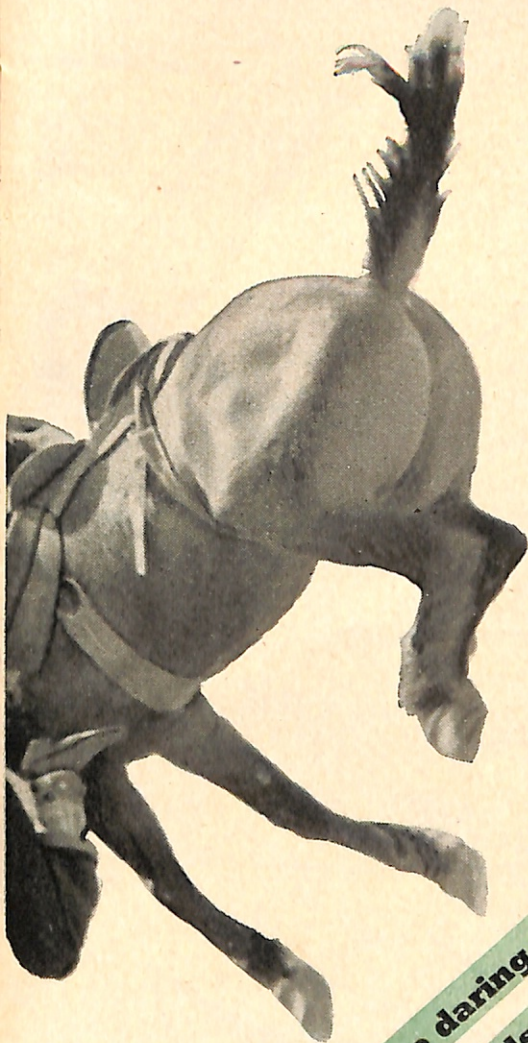
vaded England with a landing party of broncs, riders, buffalo and oxen that had Mayfair clinging speechless to its lorgnettes. For years the very brevet for any cowboy was to have been to Europe with Buffalo Bill.

Following him were Major Gordon Lillie, more effectively known as Pawnee Bill, and the Miller brothers who owned the 101 ranch and took to the road with bands, canvas and livestock and a ready-made career for the ambitious cowboys and cowgirls of Oklahoma.

The early Wild West shows, however, were not competitions but spectacles. It remained for the traveling shows which sprang up in their wake to set the pattern across the country for modern competitive rodeos. From little wagon shows with cowboys riding from town to town leading their horses behind them, to big railroad shows making the circuit, they all carried a few good bucking horses and put up a prize for any local boy who could ride them. Later, the competitions moved into western Fourth of July celebrations along with the baseball games, greased pigs and volunteer firemen's hose races.

In 1910, Cheyenne's Frontier Days, which had opened as a competitive cowboy contest in 1897, invited Teddy Roosevelt to be a guest of the rodeo. He came with a herd of newsmen and photographers and the Wild West hit the front pages of newspapers across the country. Within a

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These daring young men with the
crowds on the brain, sail through
the air with the greatest of pain



a rainbow through the rodeos of the West are becoming organized after a fashion. At Pendleton, for example, the Indians—Umatillas, Nez Perces, Yakimas, Cayuses and Walla Wallas—are as much a part of the Round-Up as the broncs and cowboys. Formerly they were paid a dollar for each appearance they made in the arena—man, woman, child or papoose. Since they accepted only silver dollars, a man with a sack was posted at the exit to dole out the money. It was also part of Round-Up tradition to shoot any injured steer and hand

Photos from Press Association, Inc.

GRAB 'EM BEHIND



George sighed at the thought of having her so close beside him.

Illustrated By EARL OLIVER HURST

THE HEAD

By Robert E. Mahaffay

Discussing zoo matters with Mabel, George found, was a touchy business

George pulled the slender steel prod back from between the bars, slapped the door of the cage shut, and padlocked it.

Something about the tiger's ears reminded him of Mabel Beeks. But then, just about everything he saw provoked some memory of her.

He felt vaguely it would be a mistake to say, "Mabel, it was the oddest thing. I was feeding the tiger this afternoon, and all of a sudden you popped into my mind."

George sighed as he picked up the buckets of meat and moved on toward the lions. Discussing zoo matters with Mabel was a touchy business.

He never would have believed he could come to love anything he didn't feed out of a bucket, but he loved Mabel with a keener emotion than any of his charges ever had inspired.

It was difficult to explain to Mabel about this. She appeared to regard the zoo as an active opponent.

The crowd of visitors who trailed eagerly after him aided in dispelling his momentary dejection. Their interest and alarm were always gratifying.

He went at the work briskly, unaware that his shoulders beneath the tan coveralls looked exceedingly broad and capable, and that the sun, slanting through the wire of the outer fence, lent his blond hair an unusual sparkle.

King, the patriarch, gave a fine exhibition of roaring in a frenzy of desire to vary his diet with something he himself had just killed. George was careful to make no sudden moves, lest the display terminate with King fleeing to the rear of the cage and cowering there abjectly.

The whole thing went off admirably, bringing agreeable gasps and exclamations from the crowd. George let his glance stray casually over the ranked faces, automatically keeping an eye open for Smart-Nose.

Sunday was Smart-Nose's day at the zoo, and the keepers had rigid instructions about him.

The buckets empty, George went

out, padlocking things behind him, and headed back toward the commissary for another load. The two female wolves who were expecting eyed him with wary speculation from their rocky dens, and from the primate house came the incessant chattering and screaming of the monkeys.

He went out of his way a little to pass the snake pit, a tangle of rocks shut off by a shallow moat and a curving three-foot wall.

The warm sun had lured a good many of them out where they could be seen. The toll during the winter had been high, and someone would have to be going after more presently.

Tommy Lord, one of the junior keepers, was in the moat picking up candy wrappers, leaves, fragments of ice cream cones, popcorn and an occasional penny. Standing in the water which came about to his calves, he scratched one ankle with the toe of his other boot.

"George," he said, "that big rattler is having trouble with its skin."

"Oh," said George. "Very bad?"

"Not yet. But it looks like it could be."

"Well," George said, "I haven't got time now. I've got to feed."

He left the buckets at the commissary, and went on over to the keepers' quarters, where there was a telephone.

Mabel said she had been sleeping, in order to be well rested for tonight. Her voice had a drowsy quality reminiscent of an actress they had seen in a movie together, and it made George's backbone prickle.

"Mabel," he said, "you remember that big rattlesnake, the biggest one, that one I got last Spring?"

Mabel's voice stopped being drowsy. It became like that of another actress in another picture, drearily remembered, in which a girl raised plain hell with everyone who had anything to do with her.

"I'm sure I don't remember any rattlesnakes," she said coldly, "or any other kind of snakes."

"They're harmless," George of-

WHISTLING cheerfully, George gave the 11-pound chunk of meat a heave. The Malay tiger sniffed at it, as if expecting trickery of some kind, and then got a tentative grip on it with his rheumatic old jaws.

"We're just out of standing rib roasts," George said. "Do you think you can get along on loin of horse?"

The tiger sprang up to the shelf at the back of the cage. He was exceptionally lean through the flanks, a condition which drew complaints regularly from tax-payers.

The lions rounded out handsomely on eight succulent pounds of meat, including bone, while the tiger, gorging himself on eleven pounds, with no bone, appeared to be on the brink of collapse from starvation. Advanced years, George supposed, or simply outrage at confinement.

ferred. "You just grab them behind—"

"I'm sure I don't care in the least where you grab them. I told you I was resting, so—"

"Mabel, that's what I was going to tell you about. About tonight. I've got to help that rattlesnake out of its skin."

"What?"

"You put them in a warm bath, Mabel, and then slip the skin off. Snakes are very nervous and high-strung, and it has to be done very carefully."

"Does that mean we can't go dancing?"

"Mabel, we'll go tomorrow night for sure."

"George, you can't do it!" Her wail set up a peculiar vibration in the receiver.

"Somebody's got to. We're so short-handed—"

"But it's *always* something. The last time we couldn't go because an elephant stepped on a chicken."

"Not an elephant," he explained patiently. "A Burmese bar-tailed pheasant went into the coyote's cage by mistake. The chicks had to be taken care of." He continued with a small burst of enthusiasm. "It was the darnedest thing you ever saw. That cock finally took over those chicks and raised them himself."

"I wish," she said with a heartlessness George found it hard to believe, "the coyote had eaten the whole family. But then, I suppose, you would have had to sit up with the coyote because he had indigestion."

"You must be joking, Mabel," George said. "That coyote has never had a sick day in his life . . . Mabel! Hello? Hello?"

He debated calling her again and getting the matter smoothed out, but he was already late with the feeding.

He tried to whistle as he walked at a fast clip back toward the commissary, but the notes had a melancholy ring. He wished there were some way of getting his troubles with Mabel solved.

At times he was certain she loved him—there was a soft look in her brown eyes which was wholly her own, and nothing filched from celluloid—but more often her tone of voice, at least in connection with his work, was far from heart-warming. He recalled a kangaroo who had shown a similar unreliable quality during courtship.

From the corner of his eye he got a flash of a small figure attired in the blue of a make-believe sailor suit. Experience made him slow and swerve for a closer inspection.

Smart-Nose was about the size of a lad of nine, although many of his actions, and particularly his precocious rejoinders, indicated greater maturity.

The lad's nose had a mashed look which suggested impertinence—hence his designation by the zoo's keepers—and contributed materially to a general expression of repulsive audaciousness.

The interest and alarm of the crowd of visitors at feeding time were always gratifying.

His avoidance of the reform school, in George's opinion, was puzzling.

More than once George had caught him gleefully attacking the helpless monkeys with a bean-shooter.

George never had been able to trace the owner of a fishhook and a piece of broken string found in the mouth of a Muskovy duck—relics telling plainly of an abortive attempt to whisk the bird over a fence. He suspected Smart-Nose.

Sure enough, there was a suspicious bulge beneath the detestible youngster's jacket.

"Scram," he said, as George came up. "You aren't paid to annoy the public."

"Now, now," his mother said. She was a rather large woman whose sight and hearing apparently were not of the best.

Her coat was trimmed with a fur which had been dyed beyond recognition but which never failed to inspire George with a morbid desire to study it at close range.

"Good afternoon, young fellow," he said. "What is that under your coat?"

The boy began to howl, although George was a good three feet away from him. "Make him quit yanking at me, Ma! Quit it! Ma!"

The bulge turned out to be two pigeons Smart-Nose had cornered near the zebra barn.

"He says he was only petting them," the mother said, after prompting by agonized yelps. "Is there something wrong, young man, with petting the tame animals and birds in a public zoo?"

"Look," George said, "you don't have to have pigeons under your coat to pet them. Pigeons don't crawl under coats of their own accord, to begin with."

"Report him, Ma," the boy shouted. "He hates animals. Report him!"

The pigeons had flown, and George walked swiftly away from the objectionables.

That evening he finished up with the snake earlier than he had hoped, although he didn't slight the job. He never had slighted any job in his eleven years at the zoo, which had begun when, as a boy of twelve he had been allowed to lead ponies around the pony track.

Being a keeper was the only job—barring two war years in the South Pacific—he had ever known or





wanted. Tucked away somewhere was a medal the Army had given him for his work with war dogs.

He labored with swift skill, his blue eyes absorbed, the long line of his cleft jaw stubborn but relaxed.

He telephoned Mabel about nine o'clock, but was informed she had gone out for the evening. Getting to sleep was an extended and unhappy process.

The dance the following night was less unrestricted, as to romantic possibilities, than he had prayed it would be. One of the Philippine monkeys had been about to give birth when George left the zoo, and it was necessary for him to check in by phone with the night keeper every hour.

Mabel objected bitterly—he was compelled to leave her unattended for nearly thirty minutes one time while he received a full description of the event's progress to date.

Luckily, the monkey was not born until shortly after four o'clock in the morning, and Mabel was safely home. The night keeper reported that the mother, stirred by some obscure impulse, would have nothing to do with her offspring.

George dressed hastily, and hurried over. It was true. The mother gave the impression that she would as soon devour the tiny lump of wet, shivering fur as care for it, and the infant was huddled miserably in the straw of the cage's floor.

George rigged up a small box lined with rags. With considerable difficulty he got hold of a conventional baby's nipple and bottle, but found it was several times too large.

An eye-dropper turned out to be the proper instrument. At the suggestion of the zoo's director, whom he telephoned, he administered a weak solution of whiskey and lukewarm water.

He was also informed that the formula manufactured by human mothers was much admired by monkey infants whose mothers declined to nurse them. He toured all-night drug stores for the ingredients. It was his own idea to heat some bricks and place them beneath the rags in the box.

In the end, it seemed advisable to take the monkey home with him for the hour or so of sleep which remained.

His recital of the incident, the next day, was so compelling that even Mabel melted.

"He actually seemed to like it?" she inquired.

"I think it's a she," George said. "And the way she keeps fumbling around for that eye-dropper, thinking it's a nipple, you wouldn't believe. Mabel, I've got a surprise for you. Wednesday's my day off. We'll leave here early in the morning. It's a trip. Mabel, I think you're going to like this."

Wednesday got off to a notable start. Up a full hour before his landlady called breakfast, George spent the time polishing his car.

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Red AND Gun



Ewing Galloway Photo

By Dan Holland

Mr. Holland talks turkey on a subject dear to our hearts.

SOME folks claim the wild turkey should be our National Bird instead of the bald eagle. Maybe they've got something there. Certainly the character of the American eagle is nothing to boast about. He has no ideals. When he isn't feeding on carrion he is robbing some lesser bird of prey of its kill. All in all, he is a pretty worthless individual.

Now the turkey rates high wherever you put him. He is the symbol of Thanksgiving Day, and the most important guest on Christmas, New Year's and every other feast. Sure, I'm talking about the tame turkey now, but throughout the whole world these most popular table birds are direct

descendants of our wild turkey. Man has bred them in many different shades and colors, but they all came from the old chocolate-tailed, bronze-backed wild turkey of our eastern seaboard.

When we first started taking this country away from the Indians, turkeys were everywhere east of the Rockies. The Pilgrim Fathers bagged them with their cross-bows and the gentlemen of Virginia went after them with powder and shot. Because of their size they couldn't cope with the settling of the land as lesser game has done and today there are no wild turkeys in New England where once they were so plentiful.

The fame of the turkey as a

table bird quickly spread to Europe and as early as 1530 birds from America were shipped overseas to Spain. It has been written that Christopher Columbus sent over the first ones. There are records of turkeys in England shortly after the first ones reached Spain and in a comparatively few years turkeys were known all over Europe, not as wild game birds but as the choicest of all domestic poultry.

Some folks think these domestic turkeys originated in the country whose name they bear. This is not true, but why they were called turkeys has never been satisfactorily explained. The New World was thought to be part of India for many years, and the French and the Germans and the inhabitants of other countries in Europe first gave these birds the name of Indian hens, such as *Indianische Henne* in Germany and *Poule d'Inde* in France. The name turkey seems to have come from Great Britain, but no one is sure why the English chose this name.

One explanation is that a man from Constantinople was instrumental in the first importation of the birds into England. The English took for granted that they came from Turkey and named them turkeys. Others have said that the birds were supposed to come from the Orient and at that time Turkey was the best known country toward the east; therefore, someone said they came from Turkey, and from then on they were known as turkeys. The big birds' calling notes, *turk*, *turk*, *turk*, is another possible solution of the origin of the name.

Dr. George Bird Grinnel, famous sportsman, who always had an answer for every question about game, gave, perhaps, the most logical solution. He said that at the time of the first importations of the birds into Spain the Jews controlled the poultry markets and that the old Hebrew word meaning peafowl was *tukki*. Now this bird from the New World was a new bird to everyone and since it more nearly resembled the peacock than any other fowl these poultry dealers called them *tukki*. When they were shipped to England as *tukki*, the English called them turkeys, and so it is today.

So much for this American bird which our country has given to the world and which ranks as tops among all poultry as the choicest meat that ever wore feathers. As game, the turkey takes a back seat to no bird hunted for sport. In spite of the encroachments of civilization, which has exterminated the turkeys in New England, the sportsmen of this country have safeguarded them in

(Continued on page 37)

What America is Reading



John P. Marquand cleverly satirizes wartime thinking in a melancholy novel—*B. F.'s Daughter*

by Nina Bourne

Mr. Marquand sings the blues. Something new in murder and party games. Some little people, five inches tall.

MARQUAND'S magnificent and eminently re-readable novel, *The Late George Apley*, published in 1937, was a brilliant, though not unkind, satire on our East Coast aristocratic tradition. In the years between, Mr. Marquand has come to look at the Prep-School-Ivy-League Gentleman with an eye less and less satirical, more and more admiring. And now, in his latest novel, *B. F.'s Daughter*, we have a melancholy comedy that mourns the passing of the old-fashioned virtues, and of that glossy social behavior that it takes many generations of comfort and confidence to produce. Suave, sweet and sad: that's how Mr. Marquand sings those genteel blues.

The girl from whom the novel takes its title is the daughter of a very rich and very nice self-made industrialist. Although not quite County, she acquires enough polish at boarding school and inherits enough vitality from her father to make her an acceptable member of anybody's yacht club. And when, at the end, she is betrayed by her selfish, underbred liberal of a husband (she should have married the other one, the Gentleman), she faces the future with courage. What this postwar future holds for her, or for the rest of us, the author doesn't say. But the implication is: not much.

B. F.'s daughter is, ostensibly, the heroine, but the real hero is the Gentleman she should have married. The author claims that after being graduated from Groton, Bob Tasmin went to Yale. But I think Mr. Marquand has been misinformed. Bob Tasmin is a Marquand-Harvard Man if you ever saw one, and the author never stops nudging you to point out that Bob, be he ever so much a Gentleman, is a man for a' that. And because he is such a persuasive writer, Mr. Marquand makes you take this paragon, and like him, too.

And so the full weight of the satire descends, somewhat heavily, on two men. The first is a rather silly radio commentator. The second is Tom Brett, the man B. F.'s daughter marries: a brilliant, opinionated, left-of-center idea man who knows exactly what's wrong with the world and how to fix it, and who wins the war every day at his desk in Washington. Having set up this straw man, Mr. Marquand tries to be fair to him. But his heart isn't in it.

If you like to read about the very rich, and those to the manor born, and what they do every day in their manors, complete with swimming pool, you will, all things considered, be entertained by *B. F.'s Daughter*. The heroine and her father are warm, likable people. And there are very few writers alive who can tell a story as gracefully as J. P. Marquand. Reading this book is like listening to a melancholy, well-bred saxophone keening tunelessly over the lost days. (*Little, Brown, \$2.75*)

(Continued on page 20)



What America is Reading

(Continued from
preceding page)

MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE by T. H. White

People who like miniatures (miniature furniture, miniature ships, charm bracelets and other half-pint objects) will have a lot of fun with this novel.

It's the story of Maria, a gawky, large, ten-year-old orphan girl who wears glasses (but won't have to always) and lives in a great mansion, on a great country estate, with no central heating, and with a wicked governess who is trying to steal her inheritance. One day while roaming about the estate Maria finds a baby.

The baby is exactly one inch high.

This is the beginning of a great adventure. You may not know it, but one of Gulliver's contemporaries sailed to Lilliput and kidnapped a lot of the little people, intending to show them at fairs and thus make his fortune. Luckily, after reaching England, they escaped and for 200 years no human being knew of their existence, until Maria stumbled along.

With great charm and engaging detail Mr. White tells how the little people live (their language and customs are still those of the 18th Century), how Maria's over-size affection almost spells ruin for the minute colony, and how the gallant Lilliputians help Maria foil the wicked plot of her governess.

This novel will amuse most adults who have not completely broken with their childhood imaginings; who can remember and understand how they thought as children. And it is excellent for reading aloud to small fry. (Putnam, \$2.75)

SEBASTIAN by Flora Armytage

Want something really romantic? In the manner of *Rebecca*? This novel has the perfect Byronic-romantic hero. Sebastian is handsome, strong, silent, dangerous, mysterious, demanding unquestioning trust and obedience. No young girl could withstand him. Furthermore the background is just as romantic as Sebastian: an imaginary South American country, the house across the bay impregnated with "heavy jasmine scents", desperate secret plots, soft chords on a guitar, men in colorful uniforms. The modest young heroine, daughter of an American diplomat, is almost hypnotized by it all—but not quite. This novel is for ladies only—from 17 on up. (Doubleday, \$2.50)

THE BIG CLOCK by Kenneth Fearing

Here's an entirely new kind of murder story—one of the most exciting I've read in a long time. It really makes you feel the outrage of violence impinging on normal lives.

The hero, George Stroude, is one of those half-artists-half-businessmen who make a lot of money in creative fields and have an uneasy feeling that there's something wrong with success. He's attractive, ambitious, a little weak. He is an editor of *Crimeways*, one of the Janoth magazines (among them *Newsdays*, the leading news weekly) published in the Janoth Building in New York.

One night Stroude's boss, the fabulous Earl Janoth, without premeditation, murders his mistress in a fit of insane rage. Janoth's safety depends on finding and framing, or eliminating, the one witness who could break his otherwise perfect alibi: a man who stood in the shadows and watched him enter the woman's house. Janoth has no idea who the man is or whether the man recognized him. He assigns the task of hunting down this witness to George Stroude.

George Stroude knows that his career depends on finding the man. He knows that he will be expected to use the great resources of the Janoth organization and its best brains on the manhunt, whose purpose is, of course, disguised. He knows that the man, when found, will be used ruthlessly to clear the real murderer.

He knows that the man is—himself. He cannot go to the police because a full explanation of his conduct would break up his home.

The result of this dilemma is a tense and fantastically exciting story. The ending is something of a let-down, but don't let that bother you. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50)

QUALITY by Cid Ricketts Sumner

Mrs. Sumner, a Mississippian whose grandparents were slave-holders, has written a novel of modern life in the South that is remarkable for its combination of genuine sweetness and realism.

It's the story of Pinkey, a thoroughly nice young girl, born in Mississippi, blessed with the sort of pink-and-white complexion the soap ads promise you. But Pinkey's grandmother is

old Aunt Dicey, a colored woman.

Pinkey is sent North as a child and educated in Boston. Before she realizes what is happening, people have assumed, quite understandably, that she is a white girl. When a white doctor falls in love with her, and the date for the wedding is set, Pinkey is seized with doubts and runs away—back to Mississippi and her grandmother. Here Pinkey's heredity closes in on her. Here she daily sees people's faces change when, having taken her for a white "young lady", they learn that she is Aunt Dicey's granddaughter. Here, without meaning to, Pinkey sets off a tense conflict which involves the whole town and here, in the end, she works out a way of living.

The story is exciting and very touching. Mrs. Sumner's warmhearted understanding extends to all kinds of people: white and black. She has sympathy for the fears and doubts of old-line Southerners and for the aspirations and bitterness of disenfranchised Negroes. Implicit in her story is the hope that kindly people of both races can work things out together.

Some readers may not think *Quality* is strong enough medicine. But in these days of conflict and name-calling, it is good, for a change, to hear a gentle voice. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75)

ROGUE ELEPHANT by Walter Allen

This reviewer, as you may have gathered, is a pushover for the British country-house comedy. Here's a strange, hard, shiny specimen that combines witty conversation and observation of character with an excellent mystery. The hero, or, if you prefer, the villain, is Henry Ashley. He's far from handsome, but a great success with ladies of fashion because of his ruthless wit and reputation as a brilliant writer. Although he is a social lion, he has never got over his resentment at being born poor and lowly and he fancies himself as a mischief-maker and avenger. One man against society. He is invited to spend a weekend at the country home of his former schoolmaster, to whom he owes his good education and his success. But since Alan was *not* born poor and lowly, Henry Ashley considers him and his family fair prey for mischief-making. And sure enough, among the pleasant, well-mannered people gathered at the Devon country house, Henry Ashley senses an unpleasant secret. There is the lovely 17-year-old girl who still plays with dolls. There is the pathetic old grandfather who lives in an adventurous and half-imagined past. Henry is quick to see that something strange lies buried beneath the placid surface of this family's life. And, like an irresponsible puppy, he cannot resist digging for it. His search leads to a shocking discovery. The writing is so good, the timing so perfect that the climax—the scene with the punch in it—really hits you. (Morrow, \$2.50)

Rodeo Dust

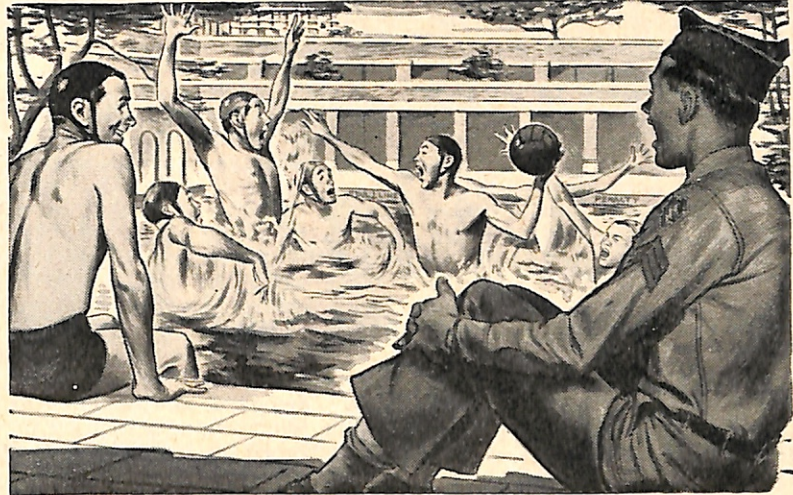
(Continued from page 13)

week cowpunchers found themselves with national reputations.

Other early shows, too, were drawing cowboys from the vicinities to compete—Salinas, California, for instance, which opened in 1909 with controlling stock held by Elks and proceeds dedicated to children's playgrounds of the city, and the Round-Up at Pendleton, Oregon, which started in 1910. When Calgary's Stampede opened in 1912, young cowpokes woke up to a dizzy future. They discovered that by traveling a bit they could ride for purses a good part of the season. With that realization, a new profession was born. Ranchers started to toss uneasily in their sleep as their best riders went jingling down the road to make their fortunes in rodeo arenas, while in the Southwest, youngsters hid out in remote parts of the range running the beef off the cattle while they practiced trick roping.

Roping and riding, the backbone of rodeo, moved straight from the range to the arena. Bulldozing was an innovation, introduced by Bill Pickett, a Negro who worked on the Miller Brothers' 101 Show. Pickett discovered one day that he could catch a steer, turn its neck, grab its lip in his teeth while it was still on its feet and twist back until the critter was thrown. From that day on, Pickett was in the money. When he went with the Miller show to Mexico City, Joe Miller bet a group of Mexicans that his Negro could bite a fighting bull in the lip and throw him. The contest between Pickett and bull was a triumph for Pickett and, as a result, a whole crowd of healthy young cowboys found a new vocation. Steers were having their lips bitten from Mexico to the Canadian border. Eventually the Humane Society objected to the biting and steers thenceforth were thrown by the purer method of neck twisting.

In modern rodeo, the choice of animals is one of the most technical jobs in the business. For example, Longhorn steers are usually picked up in Mexico, with special attention, on the part of the contractors, to conformation and shape of horns. A steer for bulldogging must have a wide spread of horns to furnish a good berth for a man to lean on. Horns should be a fraction straighter in roping stock to minimize the chance of a lariat's slipping. But even more important than shape of horns is absolute uniformity of weight. Cowboys draw their stock by lot before each day's events. Occasionally two men, clocked by three judges with 1/10 second watches, have tied in a 2-day, 2-steer roping average. With competition as close as that, the roof would blow off the horse barn if one cowboy drew a 700-pound steer and another had to tackle an 800-pounder. For that rea-



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son steers are replaced twice a year as they put on too much weight.

Roping calves, hand-picked too and occasionally weighed, have only a brief arena career. A calf born in January will be oversized by July and replaced by one born in March.

Brahma bulls come out of Texas. Since they are immune to the tick which causes Texas fever, they were imported originally by Southern ranchers to cross with native stock. The contractors snap up the lawless demons of the herds and consider themselves lucky if, out of a carload of bulls, 30 per cent prove to be good buckers. The real buckers sometimes stay with a rodeo for eight or ten years before they stop being demons and give up fighting.

But bucking horses are the contractor's big gamble. Contrary to the general impression, a good bucking horse is neither a mean horse, a wild horse, nor an unbroken horse, but a spoiled one, who at some time in his life has discovered he can rid himself of the two-legged creature clinging to his back if he tries hard enough and never gives up. His greatness lies in the tricks and strength he brings to the job. He may cost in the rough anywhere from \$150 to \$700 or \$800, while a bronc with some reputation behind him comes as high as \$1500. A contractor thinks he's done well if he finds two or three top buckers out of 20 he buys. One contractor, Tim Bernard of Tonasket, Washington, tells of finding only 15 good buckers out of 480 highly recommended broncs, while Harry Rowell, whose ranch is between Hayward and Livermore, California, recalls looking over a herd of 1300 horses and finding no more than two of rodeo quality. The truly great horses are rarer than pearls, their names handed down in reverence from generation to generation of cowboys, their rides taking on an epic quality with the years. They are the sidewinders, the cake-walkers and the high-divers, horses who scrape the sky, sunfish, twist and weave.

Among all the horses who have torn loose in rodeos, some 15 are remembered by every rider over 40—the great Midnight, for one, a high kicker; Five-Minutes-To-Midnight, another black, who came out of retirement at the age of 24 for one final tussle with the cowboys, and even at that great age, threw his man, a top rider, and No Name, a bronc so tough no one was able to put a name to his particular brand of hellishness. No Name was a dual personality. Starting out in life as a quiet farm horse, he was the companion of children who rode him bareback until he was 12 years old. Then a cowboy tried to saddle him one day and seven devils took possession of his middle-aged heart. The feud he carried on, after that, against the whole race of cowboys won him the title of the greatest horse of all time. No Name is buried at Herb Thompson's ranch near Pendleton, Oregon.

Rodeo men describe a good ride

this way: "A cowboy's got to get right down on the stock and make a real ride or be bucked off—open up the bronc as he leaves the shoot and scratch him three times in the shoulder. And the judges know if he's really raking or just swiping him with the side of a boot."

None of them will ever forget the day at Cheyenne when Dick Stanley rode old Steamboat.

When Stanley rolled into Cheyenne, the local cowboys decided he was a panty-waist—thin, scrawny and a shocking dude, all in black from the hat smacked onto the side of his skull-like head to his shiny boots, embroidered in white fleurs-de-lis.

Stanley's physique, however, was deceptive. After he'd half killed two local cowpokes and dusted off his hands, every man he passed on the street tipped his hat. But they did it with a resentful look in their eyes. The resentment increased when Stanley's swagger went to the hearts of the fans and they began to howl with delight every time he pegged into the arena. When it looked as if Stanley might walk away with the broncobusting purse, an agitation to disqualify the dressy stranger was started in the horse barns.

News accounts of the time neatly sidestep the controversy with the line, "At the last instant Stanley's name was dropped into the hat."

Old timers recall that just before the finals, Stanley was giving an exhibition of trick riding in front of the grandstand, but had left a buddy planted among the contestants to watch out for his interests. When word was passed around that Stanley had been disqualified, the buddy moved up beside Charlie Irwin and poked a gun into the arena director's massive stomach. Stanley's name was hurriedly added to the roll of finalists.

It may have been pure chance that when the drawing was made Stanley found himself with Steamboat, a big black with four white feet, who never in all his furious career had been ridden by a man with the nerve to spur him. Those were the days before the 10-second ruling, when a cowboy either rode a horse to a standstill or was thrown.

Steamboat started out like a devil dancer. The second the snubbing rope was released, Stanley gave him the steel and Steamboat went up, white-eyed, straight into the sky. The moment he lighted, all four feet bunched, he jumped again, with a vicious twist to the side. Every time he hit the earth, Stanley spurred him, till the big black broke for the fence, jumped it and plunged down the track, with Stanley raking him fore and aft.

Finally he put his head between his knees and began to buck in circles, while Stanley continued to scratch him and the crowd let out a yell swelled to a roar as Steamboat showed signs of quitting. When he came at last to a standstill it looked as if the big black devil for the first

time had met his master. But the second Stanley relaxed to wave his arms to the crowd, Steamboat plunged his nose to the ground and with his back arched, lunged sideways into the air.

Stanley's spur caught him and the horse answered with a fury of back-breaking jumps. After that, Stanley's boots weren't still an instant until Steamboat slowed up and finally, for the second time, came to a standstill.

That was Stanley's last great ride. He came back to Cheyenne the next year but made only a poor showing and was thrown and killed a few months later in California.

Rodeo men usually concede that the great riders come out of the northern states and down from Canada, just as the great ropers come from the Southwest. The reason often given is that the horses in the North are heavier and stronger, weighing 1200 or 1400 pounds on an average compared to a 1000-pound average in the Southwest. Chill northern mornings, too, when horses have a natural desire to play a bit, have influenced the riding.

On the other hand, in old Mexico, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, the boys grow up muscling Longhorns. Out of their rassesles with that rough breed developed the one-man system of roping; developed, too, the remarkable class of cow ponies whose skill and intelligence are half of any roping event today. A cowboy roping from a borrowed horse expects to pay the owner from one-quarter to one-half his winnings.

But what becomes of the great cowboys? Some, after a few years of top riding or roping, have enough saved for ranches of their own. Others make their wad and are broke again after a fling at the crap or poker games behind the horse barns. A few are remembered by the legends which grow up around their exploits—Buffalo Vernon, for one, who bought his shirts by the 100-lot because women were in the habit of tearing them off his back to save the scraps for souvenirs; patchwork quilts of the West still sport vivid orange squares proudly pointed out as a piece of Buff Vernon's shirt. Then there were the famous cowgirls—Bertha Blancett, Lucille Mulhall and Prairie Rose Henderson—none of them better known in rodeo circles than the present day Ethel "Ma" Hopkins, for 13 years editor of *Hoofs and Horns*, the only general rodeo magazine in the world.

The great horses go out of public life still thundering. Long before it becomes apparent to the bleachers, horsemen can spot a great horse who has begun to slip. Then word is usually passed around, "Cannibal King isn't feeling too good. We're going to let him rest up a bit." Everybody knows then that Cannibal King has made his last plunge to the bleachers and been put out to graze.

As one cowpuncher pungently put it, "Nobody wants to see a really great horse rode."

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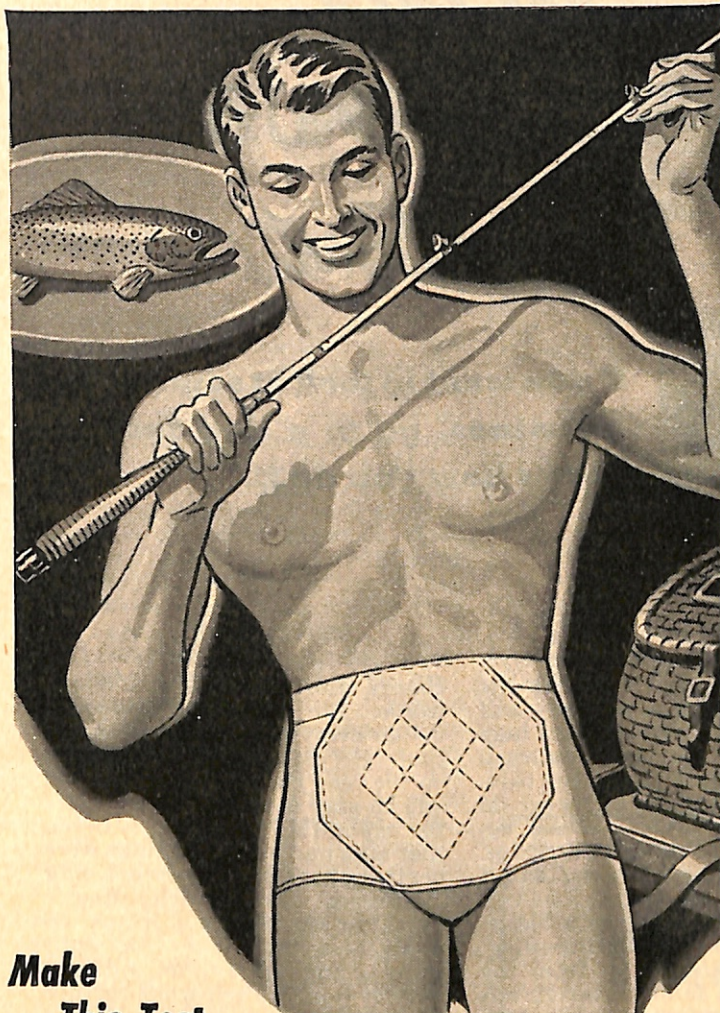
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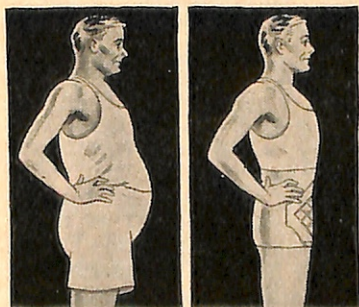
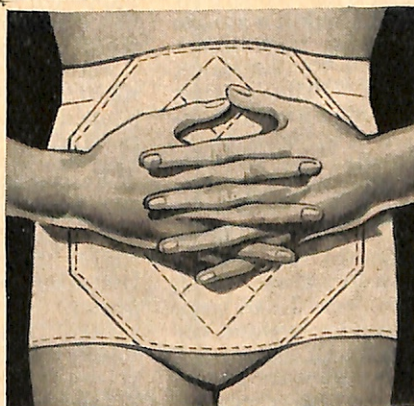
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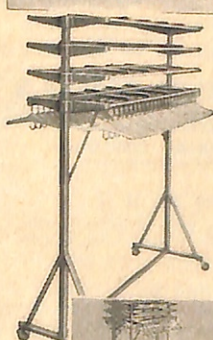
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In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust



If you want to look at some good canines, go to a dog show. Here's how you do it.

IF YOU ever want to plumb the depths as a social outcast—and you won't, of course—try to take a dog on the average railroad train with you, in one of the cars. I did that once and I'll never do it again. The unpleasantness began the day I showed my first dog. He was a brand new dog and I a brand new exhibitor. I had to cover two shows—one on a Saturday, the other the day following. Both were miles away from my home and the family chariot was being used for less frivolous purposes. Now you'd think it a simple matter to crowd up to a ticket window and say, "I want a ticket and I have a dog." That's what you'd think. But here's what happened. First I was asked a lot of questions. I'm not sure, as this was quite some time ago, but I believe I was asked if the pup was insured, was he a minor, what were his feelings toward conductors and a few others like these—well, almost like these. Next I had some forms to fill out and you think the income return is tough to answer?

Next, so many tags were put on the dog's collar that he resembled an animated Christmas tree. I took a close look at my dog Imp. Could he be Equipoise in disguise?

Come train time, I was beginning to get discouraged. Inside the train I was permitted to keep him next to the window and muzzled; he was a six-month-old puppy of a small breed, a Welsh terrier. If you'd seen that conductor watching me you might have suspected that I was one of Hitler's agents, or that both the pup and I had leprosy. We had to

change trains and this time it was worse. The man in charge made me do everything but ride on the roof. He did permit me to stand on the rear platform but that pup had to stay muzzled. When I left the train I'm sure that between that man and me the feelings were neutral. In fact we were not only indifferent about each other's hereafter but there had sprung up a coolness that made me anti-railroad and him, I think, anti-me-and-my-dog. To tell what further happened on this trip would only be considered as a knock against what is a pretty nice little hotel.

Having to remain Saturday night for the Sunday show I persuaded a hotel manager to take me and the dog. The pup decided that we were in a sinister joint and nothing so trifling as his loss of sleep was going to prevent him from guarding me vigilantly all night. It never occurred to him that everybody else, including his owner, would likewise remain awake. I heard from that manager the next morning. Your friend Faust at this writing hasn't shown a dog or dogs for some years past but he did learn to stay away from railroads with anything that looks like a dog. Now, this isn't a rap against the roads; they've gotten me thither and yon for more miles than I like to remember and done it courteously, safely and comfortably. But their rules say that you must muzzle your dog and the reason, of course, is that an unmuzzled pooch might decide that he liked the flavor of a passenger, something which I'm told passen-

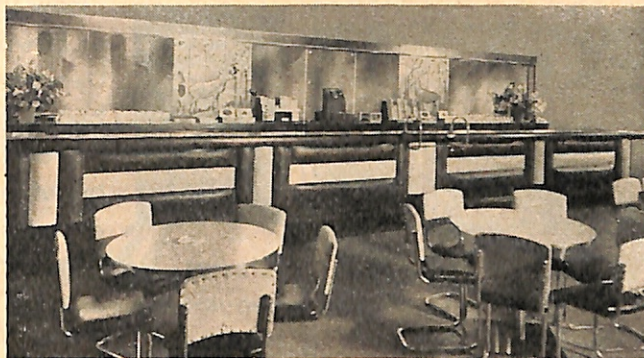
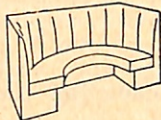
gers don't like and besides can start all sorts of legal complications. If it's a very small dog, many roads will permit you to carry it with you in a box; other roads insist that the dog be crated and put in the baggage car, or, if the dog is one of those big fellows, then they'll rightly ask that you chain him in the baggage car. On long trips if the pooch travels alone in such a car the attendants will feed him according to directions you may tack to the crate or hang to the dog's collar. Faust, could it be that you have been talking too much about yourself? I'm afraid it could be, but it's a way that I took to get into the subject of showing dogs.

Now among those who have written to me from time to time I find some of these good people—note the Faust technique, the old flatterer—are more than a few who have inquired about dog shows. Some write to find out what to do to get started with their dog; others in curiosity as to what goes on at such a show. Now I wrote about shows in these pages a long time ago but never from both angles at once. Since they are both related I think it high time that I correct the oversight.

At this time of the year dog shows, the indoor kind, are at their best, booming along to that greatest American indoor canine bean feast, the one at Madison Square Garden, New York City, conducted by the Westminster Kennel Club. At such a show you'll see the greatest champions among dogs in all America. Here is the so-called cream of the crop put on parade for your appraisal. I may add that the largest outdoor show is held in May at Madison, New Jersey. This is called the Morris and Essex. Obviously, being an outdoor event, it can accommodate many more entries than Madison Square, which last year enforced a limit of 3,500 dogs.

Because you may have an opportunity to visit a show near to you, it may serve some purpose to tell you what happens. To begin with, the winning of a blue ribbon does not mean a dog is of superior quality. Many such ribbons are given when there is only one dog in a class. In such an event the judge may, if he decides that the dog is not a fair specimen of the breed, withhold the ribbon and there isn't a thing the exhibitor can do about it.

There are usually five classes for dogs and this goes for all breeds. The first is the Puppy Class, which is for pups six to 12 months old. Then there's the Novice Class for dogs six months or older that have never won a first prize in this class. Next there is Americanbred Class for dogs born in this country or its Possessions. Limit Class is a step higher for all dogs except champions. A dog making six wins in this division cannot be entered in it again. The Fifth Class is for all dogs. In the higher classes you'll seldom see puppies, unless they are exceptionally good. Champions cannot be entered in the



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Limit Class or in Novice Class. So much for male dogs.

The same classes exist for the ladies of the breeds. In each class the dogs are matched against each other. Then each winner is matched, from which emerges a single winner for each sex. Then the winning male and winning female are matched, and out of that matching comes the dog known as Best of Winners. The final is usually the matching of Best of Winners against the champion dogs. In all of the classes except in Winners and Best of Winners the ribbons awarded are blue for first, red for second, yellow for third and white for fourth. The Winners Class ribbon is purple but you may also see a Reserve (second best) Winner selected and awarded a purple and white ribbon. The ribbon for Best of Winners is blue and white. Out of the matching of the Best of Winners with the champions comes the Best of Breed and a purple and gold ribbon. As all dogs are allocated to one of six groups—Sporting Dogs, Hounds, Working Dogs, Terriers, Toy Dogs, Non-Sporting—all dogs that have won Best of Breed in each group compete together. Out of this comes the group winner. Next, all group winners compete and out of this contest emerges the dog that is judged the best of the show. This dog's owner may get a slew of special prizes in the way of silver cups, cash and a lot of other things less useful than the latter.

In the show ring you'll see two people—two men, two women or a man and a woman. But only one of these will be the judge. The other is the steward who only acts to assist the judge, hand him the ribbons, see that the dogs get into the ring on time and that's about all. The judge is the only one who has the say-so on the purrs in front of him. The steward exerts no influence on the judging at all. But many stewards are qualified judges and it's not at all unusual for a steward to function as a steward one day and officiate as judge the next, with his judge of the previous day acting as his steward. All judges are licensed by the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs, but the judges are engaged by the individual show-giving kennel club. Incidentally, the American Kennel Club, some of whose duties are to check and issue official pedigrees, is not a club of members. It's a club of clubs, something like a baseball league. Some of the judges are professionals; some simply judge for the sport, but all of them are expected to be absolutely impartial and I believe that most of them are.

Judges are not permitted to show their own dogs at any show in which they are acting as judges, nor are they allowed to take any dog belonging to another person into the ring at any show at which they officiate. In fact, they can't even judge a dog that they breed.

I forgot to mention that in all of the classes for dogs there are cash



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.

prizes as well as the ribbon awards.

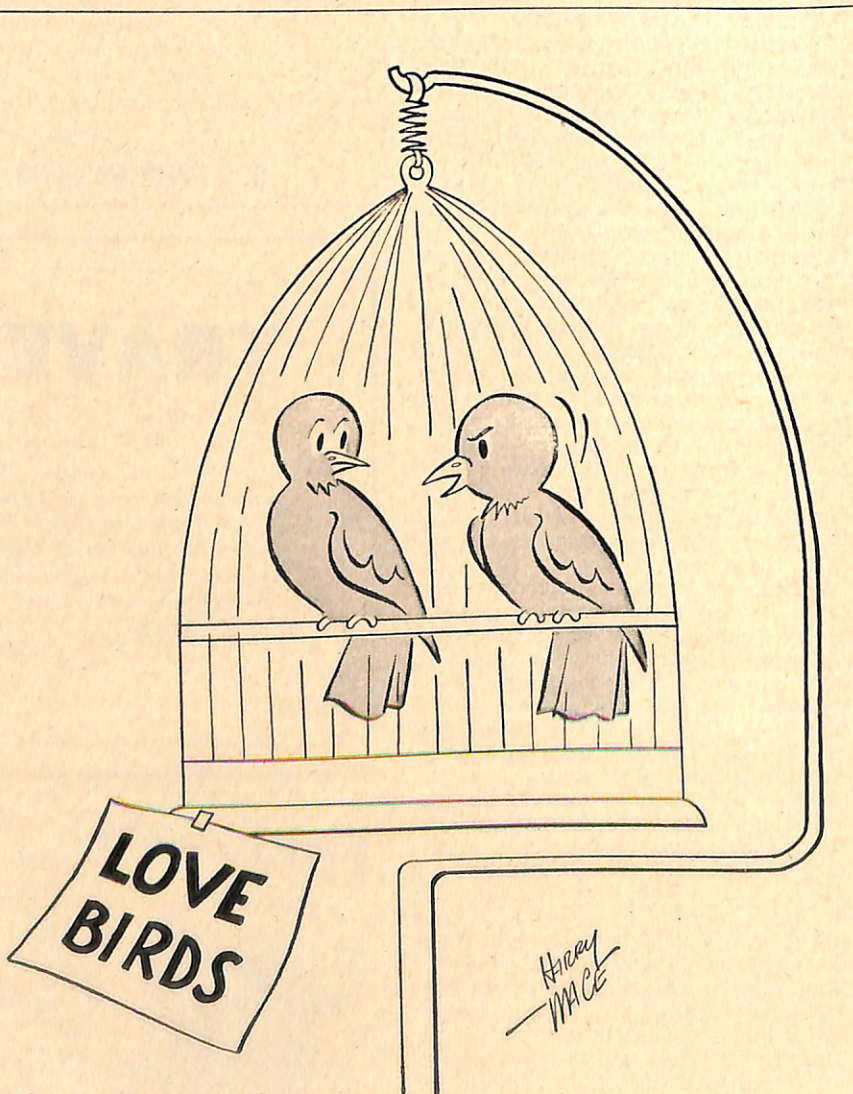
Who may show? Why, anyone who has a pure-bred dog, one with a pedigree, and whose owner isn't considered as Untouchable by the American Kennel Club.

If you have a dog you want to put in the ring write for an entry blank to the above Club at 221 4th Avenue, N. Y. City. The blanks are free and they list the prizes and classes. Some of the latter, while they must list the five I mentioned, sometimes include other classes such as for local

exhibitors, etc. Entry fees are usually three dollars.

How to condition your dog for showing? Well, if the Editor gives an O.K., I'll write about that some day.

P. S. The puppy that went through the experiences mentioned earlier did win two prizes—one a red ribbon, or second, on one day; the other a blue, or first, the day following and I believe each time he competed against the same pup. There were only two in the class.

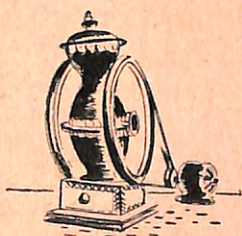


"All right, here comes a customer. Come closer and put your dirty wing around me."

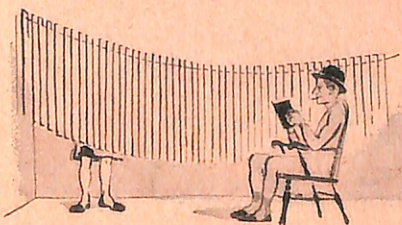
Gadget & Gimmick Department

By W. C. Bixby

THIS column is just the place to greet the New Year, for where else can you find so much space devoted to the problems and joys of the future? As we all bravely look ahead, what do we see? New and mightier gimmicks of cunning contrivance and new and frightening names loom. And beside this great future of machines, stands man. He stands staunchly, hampered only by an ill-fitting shirt, watching the mechanical robots do his bidding. It is a breath-taking spectacle indeed. Man hasn't been content simply to conquer the wilderness, annihilate time, leap rivers, span space. No sir, not he. On top of it all, man went and invented things. Sometimes it makes you want to go hide in a corner. But at any rate, here is the first offering of gimmicks and gadgets for the new year.



WHO can resist the delicious perfume of freshly ground coffee? Even Strongheart admits he can't do that and, as a result, he told me about a new machine which should keep even the most demanding coffee-drinker happy. Before I tell you about this machine Strongheart bought, I'd better tell you why he bought it. It seems he and his good wife disagree sharply on the matter of coffee and from this disagreement have come bitter disputes of great duration. Strongheart brooded awhile but finally solved his problem by purchasing this coffee grinder. It holds a pound of bean coffee and sits quietly and compactly on a shelf when not in use. It has a glass front to let you know just how many coffee beans are available and it also can be adjusted to give a grind of coffee most preferred by the user. In addition, it has a scale to tell you how much to grind for different quantities of liquid coffee. It is driven by a little electric motor (what isn't these days?) which can use either alternating or direct current. And some day I'm going to find out the difference between A.C. and D.C.



A FRIEND of mine was bragging the other day at the office about how handy he was with Venetian blinds. The reason it all came up was that I thoughtlessly made some re-

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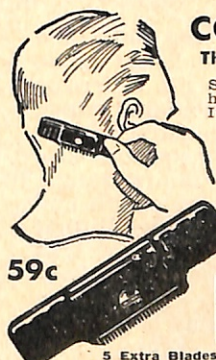
SPECIFICATIONS: Pockets for currency, checks, etc., secret pocket for large bills, and handy card, coin and ticket pockets. Sterling-silver gold-plated corners and button fastener. Closes compactly to 3 1/2" x 4 1/2". Last but not least, ingenious loose-leaf 8-pass section which permits renewals without loss of wallet. (Add 25c for 12-pass capacity, 50c for 15-pass.) Beware of imitations... there is only one HALVORFOLD with LIFETIME SERVICE GUARANTEE. Ask the man who has one and GET YOURS TODAY.

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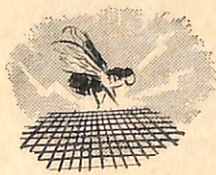
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marks about how my Venetian blind was in need of cleaning, painting and repair. So this friend of mine launched into a description of how he managed to fix his Venetian blind all by himself. The first night he spent taking the thing down. The second night he dismantled it and washed the slats. Then he painted each one and hung it up to dry. In order to get all of them up, he strung them catty-cornered across the living room and didn't see his wife, who was on the other side of the room, for two days. The latter part of the week and the weekend were consumed by the putting-back-together stage. Now if he'd only had one of these new blinds which have removable slats, he would have been spared much labor. The new type slats can be taken out individually, cleaned, painted and re-hung. The whole thing is simple. And if any slats need replacing you can do that individually, too, without buying a new blind. It's about time someone did something about Venetian blinds.

FEW if any Americans fail to have trouble with a catch-up bottle. For years the problem of getting catchup safely out of a bottle and onto the food has harassed the public. If they have catchup in other lands, they too have had their troubles. But hold fast, good citizens, relief is in sight. There is a catchup squeezer available which is designed to fit all popular brands of catchup bottles. The squeezer also has a modern flavor in its design. It is molded of polystyrene plastic and fitted with a neoprene plug. If that won't do it, nothing will. It weighs only two ounces, and has a stainless-steel spring which is operated by finger pressure on a plastic plunger. Oh, brave new world! Surely there can't be many more problems confronting us with this one solved and at rest.



AFEW months ago we discussed a new trap which electrocuted mice. This month we undertake the electrocution of flies, a worthy project as all of us can plainly see. The contraption is actually an electrified screen which can be bought in correct sizes for standard doors and window screens. By means of a transformer, electricity and two bars set in metal, an electric field is set up which serves as a barrier to insects, be they flies, gnats or moths. When the doomed beasts wander into this electric field, the moisture of their bodies completes a circuit from one aforementioned bar to the other, causing no end of trouble for the monster in question. He is

electrocuted. The cost of electricity used is estimated at about 10 cents a month and the amount of current used to kill the insects is small enough so that it doesn't harm children or other household pets.



WHILE we are appreciating the wonders of electricity we might also take a gander at the new weed-killing machine which uses larger quantities of electricity than the fly-killer. This machine is a mobile power unit capable of developing as much as 12,000 volts which are sent through the soil from copper electrodes dragged along the ground by the tractor-drawn unit. The electrodes are mounted on a bar 7½ feet long and the machine is capable of covering ten to fifteen acres of land a day at a cost of about \$10 an acre. The strength of the current sent through the soil is enough to kill the roots of all plants growing there, but it does nothing whatever to impair the productivity of the soil.



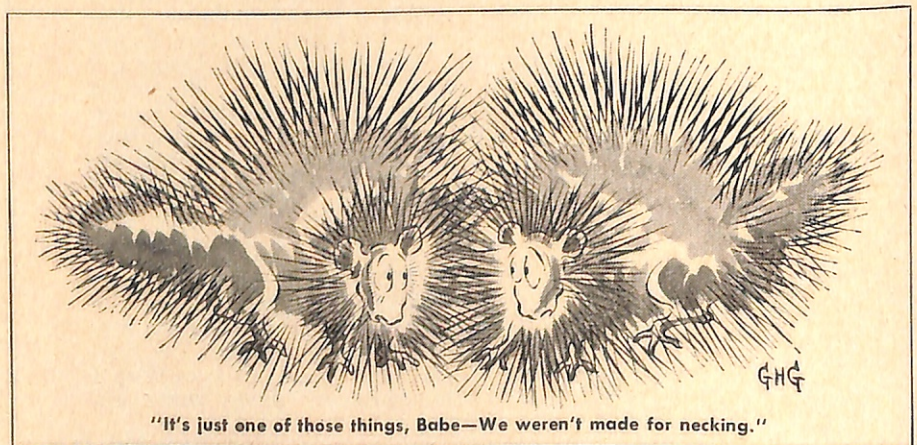
THE problem of ice-cube extraction has been attacked from various angles, with varying degrees of results. In this field of sport, however, it is generally admitted that brute strength, *per se*, is of little or no use in conquering belligerent ice trays. Cunning must be employed. And cunning plus admirable teamwork on the part of inventor, manufacturer, consumer or ice user have given several means of bludgeoning ice trays and cubes into a state of frigid acquiescence. Here is a new breach in

the frozen wall of refrigerators. In order to remove ice cubes from the trays they have arranged a system of individual cube holders, from which the cube is ejected with little or no effort by means of a dimple on the bottom of the cube holder. Hold the cube holder in both hands, press the dimple firmly with one or more thumbs and lo! the cube darts out and rushes about the sink until captured.

HERE'S a note of cheer to the laboring carver of turkeys, geese or chicken. Instead of having to grapple much too intimately with a well-roasted bird, you can relax a bit and use this new gadget. All you have to be able to do is handle a carving knife. You no longer have to be a judo expert. The gadget consists of an adjustable arm which can be placed in any of three positions, whichever suits the carver. Put the bird on the wooden board provided, clamp the arm in place and start whittling. You need have no fear that the fowl will be deposited in Aunt Mabel's lap.



THERE has been a lot of talk recently about cordless this-and-thats which are being produced to save wear and tear on the housewife. This leaves the housewife, who doesn't buy a cordless gadget, just where she was some time ago. Happily enough, someone has thought of these unfortunate creatures and designed a new household appliance to care for the situation. If you must have cords about, there is a new reel which takes up the slack and keeps it out of sight. These reels are designed to go in lamp bases, telephone boxes and other appliances. There is another reel in the offing which can be installed at the time of building and thus provide outlets with reels at different points. The reel holds as much as fifteen feet of cord.





How to Avoid Saving Money

by DANNY KAYE



To avoid saving money, the first thing is to cut off all your pockets. (Or throw away your purse and keep your lipstick in your snood.) Thus you will have to carry your money in your hand. Which will insure that you—1. spend it, 2. lose it, 3. get it taken from you—quicker!



Also to be avoided like crazy are piggy banks and sugar bowls. Keep these out of your home! The kiddies in particular are victimized by such devices, often saving quite a bale of moolah. Be stern even if the little ones cry—remember what money could do for them! And be sure to avoid budgets. It is best to draw your pay and walk down Main Street buying anything you don't particularly hate.

Above all, don't buy any U. S. Savings Bonds—or it's impossible not to save money! These gilt-edged documents pay fat interest—4 dollars for 3 after only 10 years! There is even an insidiously easy scheme called the Payroll Savings Plan by which you buy bonds automatically. Before you catch on, you have closets full of bonds. You may even find yourself embarrassed by a regular income! Get-gat-gittle!



IF YOU MUST
SAVE

Danny Kaye

SAVE THE EASY WAY...

BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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Clinic, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 7)

Thirty-four percent of those questioned said they thought the main reason people put off seeing a doctor was because of the expense involved; 81 per cent thought there were people in the United States who could not afford to see a doctor as often as they should; 82 per cent thought something should be done to make it easier for people to get medical care when they need it. This poll also revealed that 68 per cent of the people thought it a good idea if the social security law also provided a method of payment for the doctor and hospital care people might need in the future.

This poll, only one among many, indicates a general public awareness of the seriousness of the problem of paying for medical care. Illness is usually an emergency. The costs of illness cannot be budgeted even for families with reasonably good incomes. No one can estimate in advance how much illness he and his dependents will suffer within a given period of time, nor can he predict the approximate expense. For large groups of people, however, both the aggregate amount of illness and the total cost can be accurately determined in advance. This situation provides an ideal basis for insurance against the costs of sickness. If each individual in a large group contributes a small amount of money each year to a common fund, then no single individual, unfortunate enough to be the victim of serious illness, needs to bear a large expense, nor will he have to postpone the care he needs because of fear of the costs.

Inadequacy of Voluntary Insurance Plans

This principle of insurance is well recognized among the medical profession. Within recent months, even the American Medical Association and medical societies throughout the nation have begun to sponsor voluntary insurance plans. This effort is a commendable one as far as it goes. But it does not go far enough, and it can never progress to the point where it will adequately meet the nation's health needs.

In fact, in a publication entitled "A Critical Analysis of Sickness Insurance" by the Bureau of Medical Economics of the American Medical Association (1938) it was stated that:

"Without some form of compulsion voluntary insurance fails of its objective of distributing the cost of sickness among large classes of the population with even approximate fairness. The young and healthy will not join and the aged and sickly, if accepted, will raise the cost to a prohibitive point and, if rejected, remove protection from those most in need.

"Sickness insurance cannot distribute the burden of sickness among the low income classes unless it is compulsory."

Each voluntary insurance plan, considered by itself, covers only a small fraction of the total population. When an insured group is small, premiums are high and benefits are limited. These facts are demonstrated by the restrictions of most of the voluntary plans which provide care only when the patient is already seriously ill and in need of hospital, surgical, or obstetrical service. Most of these plans also exclude care for pre-existing conditions, chronic illness and various specific conditions. Other ways of restricting care are to limit the total money value of service provided within a year or to require payment of fees for initial calls during an illness, thereby discouraging prompt and early care. Membership is often further restricted to persons within certain age groups, or within certain income or occupational groups. In fact, medical society plans usually allow the doctor to charge extra in case the family income is over \$2,000 or \$2,500 a year. As a result, the family doesn't really know how much protection it bought with its insurance premium. To top it off, the medical societies are now increasingly turning their proposals for voluntary insurance over to commercial companies. These companies typically pay out in benefits to all the insured persons only about fifty cents out of each dollar of premium paid in. This kind of insurance therefore costs nearly twice as much as it really should.

For the restricted benefits of voluntary insurance plans, costs are high. Because voluntary plans tend to attract those who expect to need medical or hospital care, the premiums have to be high. Enrollment costs and constant turnover in membership tend to increase the costs of voluntary plans. Furthermore, premiums in voluntary plans are usually not related to the individual's income, and are disproportionately high for people in the lower income groups.

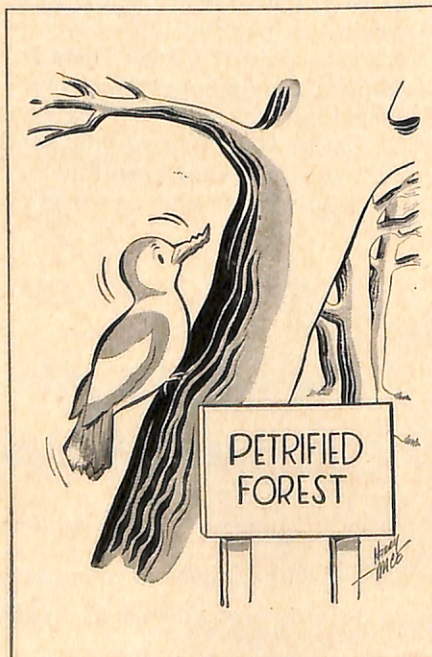
In short, the only way voluntary plans can function is to try to accept for membership those least likely to need expensive medical services and to restrict those services to a minimum compatible with the financial resources of the plan. It is therefore not surprising that, after many years of effort, only a few million people have joined the voluntary plans that provide for comprehensive medical care. The voluntary plans are doomed to failure as an answer to the health needs of a nation of 140 million people, almost all of whom need some medical care, for prevention if not for illness, within the course of a year.

A National Health Insurance Plan Needed

The only sound way to give every American maximum medical protection at a minimum expense is to include everyone in the country in a single insurance system. If this plan is not completely possible at the outset, it is the goal toward which we should strive. This, then, is the single element of compulsion we are introducing when we speak of compulsory national health insurance. Every person should be required to contribute a small amount periodically for health protection but every person should be free to decide for himself when he wants care. He should also be privileged to select his doctor, or dentist, or hospital, thus maintaining this important freedom of choice.

In other words, under compulsory insurance, government would accept responsibility for the financial aspects of medical care, while leaving the public to make free choices about the care they want, and leaving the doctors to practice their professions. And compulsory health insurance would free all whom it covers from an exploration into his purse before seeking needed medical care or examination.

Bill collecting is no chore that any physician would fight to retain. Some physicians, uninformed or misinformed about the actual content of our bill, fear the consequences of government participation in the collection and disbursement of funds for medical care. They fear a curtailment of their professional liberties,



a change in their confidential relationship with patients, and other restrictions of their time-honored traditions.

No such interference is contemplated.

Specific safeguards, protecting physicians and the public alike, have been included in our bills to preserve the accepted freedoms of professional practice.

More specifically, under the health insurance bill which I am sponsoring, about 110 million persons would be insured for medical and hospital benefits. These benefits include all needed preventive, diagnostic and curative services that can be furnished by a general practitioner; specialists' and laboratory services; special medicines and appliances; hospital care up to 60 days a year, or up to 120 days if funds permit and as much dental and home nursing service as can be furnished, but necessarily limited at the outset because of shortage of dentists and nurses.

Every insured person may choose his doctor, group clinic, dentist, nurse or hospital from those participating in the plan.

Persons who would not be covered by compulsory insurance could be brought into the system through premiums paid on their behalf by public agencies. This would apply, for example, to government workers or to indigent people receiving public assistance.

Medical personnel would be entirely free to devote all, part or none of their time to insurance practice. Participating physicians and dentists would be paid according to the method chosen by a majority of physicians or dentists in an area; individual practitioners or organized groups that prefer some other method need not be bound by what the majority wants. If hospitals work out agreements with the insurance system, they would receive direct payments from the insurance fund for services rendered to insured persons; otherwise the fund would pay benefits to the insured persons and leave it to them to pay their hospital bills. In either case, the hospitals would remain independent and under their own management; that important factor is guaranteed in the bill.

Advisory councils, including both professional and public representatives, would assist in determining policy at local, state and national levels of administration. Special provision would also be made for medical education and research, so that the quality of medical service would continue to rise.

The assurance of payment for all services rendered, together with educational and research opportunities and improved facilities, would tend toward a better distribution of medical personnel according to community needs rather than according to community wealth or location.

Health insurance would operate primarily to remove financial barriers

between patient and doctor, without destroying any of the essential freedoms or traditional practices of the medical profession.

One common unfounded objection to health insurance is that the program would cost too much. In the main, health insurance does not create new costs; it merely distributes old costs—costs we are already paying—in a more logical and orderly manner. If health insurance will cost somewhat more than we are already spending, the added cost will be for more and better care, and for better and more secure income for doctors, dentists, nurses and hospitals.

Compulsory health insurance is no new idea. Some 35 foreign countries now have compulsory health insurance plans which, once in operation, have received the support of the medical profession and the public alike. The United States, economically and industrially a world leader, lags far behind in its provisions for the medical care of its citizens. There are several nations which can boast of lower death rates than ours, in spite of the fact that medical science in the United States has been responsible for many of the recent strides in discovering new knowledge and new techniques, and in spite of the fact that we are the wealthiest nation and have the largest resources.

The American people do not want the kind of medical care plan proposed in Senator Taft's bill, S. 2143. His plan makes provision only for those who can meet some kind of an income test before they can get government help in paying for medical care. A government "handout" for medical care, for millions of persons with low incomes, with all its humiliating investigation of income, would turn us back a half century in social progress.

We are not proposing charity or a "handout" when we plan for compulsory health insurance. We are proposing insurance. We are using our experience in sound and proven business methods to pay for medical service, so that everyone may be able to get for himself and his family the care they need. We are proposing health services that shall become available because they are paid for in advance, without sacrifice of dignity or self-respect. That is the American way to improve the Nation's health.

Our financial and scientific resources can be combined through co-operative effort to give the United States the eminence it deserves in the world's record of health. Every year of delay in putting a compulsory health insurance plan into action means a needless and costly expenditure of human life and suffering. It is time we took decisive action to create for all our citizens a situation most favorable to the attainment of long life and good health. I believe the way to accomplish that aim is to enact compulsory health insurance into law.

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Grab 'Em Behind the Head

(Continued from page 17)

Although one or two rusty spots defied his best efforts, the result was impressive.

It made little difference that the two rear windows would not wind up—the sun promised even more warmth than could be desired.

Moreover, the draft would minimize the rather strong odor of animals and moldy alfalfa which clung to the vehicle. George's duties as keeper involved transportation of an unusual variety of items.

"What do they think you've got there—an animal cage with a motor in it?" Mabel once had complained.

That, of course, was before he had sprayed flea powder through the rents in the upholstery, and scrubbed down the interior with disinfectant.

Mabel was in a rare mood that was almost elfin. Her warm brown eyes shone on him with an enthusiasm distinguished by its unusual strength.

"You were wonderful to think of something like this—just for the two of us," she said.

The cheek next to George had a rich flush and an inviting curve. Her chin was soft and rounded, with the barest suggestion of a dimple.

Although she was not a tiny girl, she put her hands, palms together, between her knees, and lifted her shoulders with a twist of her head, and squealed. The sound was not unlike that made by a hungry deer. George never had loved her so much.

Gasoline and momentum combined to lift their speed above 50 miles an hour. While Mabel persisted in bedeviling him with questions about their destination, George preserved the secret.

He revealed only that they were going east of the mountains, and would reach the spot within two hours. The road rose on a winding slant through timbered hills.

"I hope," Mabel said, "this isn't just another wild scheme of yours. What are you going to do with whatever that is under the canvas in the back?"

George sighed at the thought of having her so close beside him. She wore a red polka dot bandanna to hold down her dark hair. There was something striking and piratical about it. The wind brought an occasional tear to her eager brown eyes. In wiping them away, she streaked her mascara in a manner which reminded George warmly of a raccoon.

It was nearly noon when George pulled the car off the main highway onto a spur of road which surrendered unconditionally after boring a few hundred feet into a blistering tangle of volcanic rock, burned-out weeds and sagebrush.

He gestured at the scene. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

Mabel dabbed aloofly at the per-

spiration brought out on her forehead by reflected heat from the towering rocks.

"We'll be burned alive in ten minutes," she said, her voice displaying both bewilderment and distaste. "What in the world possessed you to come here?"

"This," said George impressively, "is the best rattlesnake spot in the State."

Mabel's reaction was disappointing. She merely stared at him. Perhaps, George thought, he hadn't made the point quite strong enough.

"There are hundreds of them within fifty feet of this car right now," he added. "I'll show you how to catch them."

"Catch them?" Mabel repeated. The volume of her voice was weak, yet it held an aggressive quality of horror.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he assured her hastily. "When you pick up a rattlesnake, just remember to hold it behind the head and well away from your body. If you let it get up against you, it will find traction and whip loose and bite your hand."

"George! Turn this car around this minute and get out of here!"

"Get out? We haven't caught any rattlesnakes yet."

"George!"

The argument took quite a while. George was remorseful, but stubborn. The zoo needed snakes, and he didn't know when there would be another chance to get them.

Mabel compromised, finally, by agreeing to remain long enough to eat the lunch she had packed. She declined to leave the car, and sat uncomfortably with her feet off the floor, her knees braced against the dashboard.

George had visualized the luncheon period as a time of dreamy romance. He had even rehearsed a number of useful phrases, but Mabel's hunched-up position was so formidable they seemed inappropriate. She also appeared paler than usual.

George got the box of fine wire mesh out from under the canvas, but somehow his heart was no longer in the project. He said cheerfully, "Now watch this," to Mabel, but she made no reply.

Oddly, too, there were fewer of the reptiles than he had anticipated. Still a little early in the year, he supposed.

He caught four—pitching down a burlap sack at which they struck, pinning them down with a forked stick, and then lifting them into the box.

Mabel remained unimpressed. As a matter of fact, she was staring away into the blue sky, and he doubted that she observed any of the

operation at all. He poked listlessly about among the stones for a time, and then decided he had caught enough to make the trip worthwhile. He secured the hasp of the box with a whittled stick and restored it to the back of the car.

Mabel's comment was barren of praise. "If there were any way," she said, "of getting out of here without wading knee-deep in snakes, I'd have gone long ago."

The exaggeration struck George as deliberate, but he decided not to argue it, and started up the car.

Presently, however, he abandoned his attitude of stern silence and attempted to beguile her with bits of zoo lore. He recounted at some length the tale of the polar bears who had been fed honey by a visitor.

The visitor had neglected to remove the honey from the glass jar, which had shattered when he tossed it into the cage. The bears had consumed both honey and glass, and for forty-eight hours George and two junior keepers had been kept busy stuffing them with loaves of bread and mineral oil.

Mabel's outburst startled him. "Loaves of bread and mineral oil!" she cried. "Doesn't anything ever happen to you except things like that? Loaves of bread and mineral oil!"

It was perhaps half an hour later that Mabel began to moan. The moans came out in a clipped, broken way, like dismal chuckles.

Her pallor was alarming, and it occurred to George that she was going to be ill.

"What's the matter, Mabel?" he asked.

It was then he felt the weight on his left shoulder. Distressed about Mabel, he pulled his glance irritably to the left. The rattlesnake's head was perhaps two inches from his left ear.

The reptile swayed a little to the movement of the car, riding comfortably. Judging by one bright eye, it was taking an alert interest in the oncoming traffic.

The coloring of the reptile's neck, as well as the configuration of its scales, appeared exceptionally vivid. Mabel's moans had deteriorated into a series of obscure choking sounds.

Very carefully George slipped the car out of gear, braked it slowly to a stop. He sat quietly, reluctant even to move his eyes, and presently the snake slid down along his arm and out the window of the car. It vanished in the weeds beside the road.

Mabel didn't budge. "There were three others," she said, not moving her lips.

"Yes," George said.

He drew a long breath, got out the front door and opened the back. The

plug had worked out of the hasp. The box was empty.

George probed cautiously under the canvas, and gradually extended his search.

"Well," he said, "looks like they just skipped out and dropped off without saying anything."

Mabel was out of the car with a speed which amazed him. She refused to return to it. As a matter of fact, despite his most earnest pleas, she waited beside the road and flagged down the west-bound bus.

George drove home alone. It was Friday before he could reach Mabel to tell her he had found the three remaining rattlesnakes coiled up in the springs of the front seat.

It was a bitter blow when she told him flatly she did not choose to ride in his car again. She consented to go dancing Saturday only on the condition that he sell the vehicle and purchase another, preferably one with a scent which did not remind a lady of a zoo keeper's more objectionable responsibilities.

George accomplished this exchange as a result of the most diligent effort, and he would have given his heart if it hadn't been necessary to call Mabel shortly after noon on Saturday.

He worked up to it gradually, stressing the fact that the monkey really had never known what it meant to have a mother.

"What," she asked, "are you trying to tell me, George?"

"She's not doing so well, Mabel," he said. "She's scared."

"Do you mean to tell me, George, that you'd let a monkey come between us?"

"Now, Mabel, it's not—"

"George!"

"Yes."

"I was talking to your landlady this morning."

"Yes," said George agreeably, vaguely hoping the conversation had shifted.

"George, the landlady said she found a lot of short, tan-colored hairs in your bed."

"Oh?"

"George, you're taking that monkey to bed with you!"

"Aw, Mabel, the little tyke gets cold and then she begins to cry."

"George, you don't!"

"It's just," said George unhappily, "that she's so lonely, and I have to feed her warm milk every two hours, and it's handier."

There was a short pause.

"I hope," said Miss Beeks, "you are a lot lonelier than she is the rest of your life," and hung up the receiver.

George called back immediately, but was told Mabel had left the house.

He continued to call at intervals during the remainder of the afternoon and evening. No interview was granted. Shortly after nine o'clock, a voice which had not intrigued him in the first place declared flatly, "Miss Beeks wishes to inform you she is dancing with Mr. Charles Ren-

waddle, and is no longer at home."

George administered the two-hour feedings with care, but was rather sharp with the monkey in the later hours of the morning.

The feeling that he had come to a crossroads took hold of him like a boa tightening coils about its prey. It was apparent to him now that he could not have both Mabel and the zoo.

He regarded with gathering horror the thought of abandoning the duties which had become his life, but on the other hand—Mabel—merely the forming of the syllables of her name sent quivering weakness through every fiber of him.

Sunday normally was a day to be met with pleased energy, because of the visitors, but George entered it grimly. He went about preparing the bread mush for the bears without his usual light-heartedness, and the tunes he customarily whistled escaped his mind.

He was more blunt with the Indian elephant than was his habit, and his command, "Get in that corner now!" as he began cleaning the pen, was delivered in a rough rather than friendly way.

One of the camels spat at him, and George, normally alert for such odoriferous attention, did not dodge quite in time. This did not lift his spirits.

He was returning from the camels' area, as a matter of fact—people turned to sniff the air and stare as he passed—when he saw Mabel.

They passed within a score of feet, but Mabel, in an apparent ecstasy of delight George could not fathom, was exclaiming on the extraordinary sheen of the pigeons' feathers.

On one or two occasions when he had mentioned their qualifications, she had told him she detested their cooing. She was clinging to the arm of a short, stout individual with a mustache.

It seemed to George that the man, who certainly must be Mr. Charles Renwaddle, had an untidy look, like an improperly scoured cage. Nothing you could put your finger on—just a job poorly done. He also walked with a strut which was offensive.

There could be no doubt Mabel was showing him off. George came to that conclusion as he was changing his coveralls; he would have gone directly up to Mabel had it not been for the incident of the camel. The smell was very strong.

Understanding of the situation came as a frightful and stunning shock. Mabel meant definitely to snip the threads of feeling which lay between them.

It seemed incredible to George that the pudgy, strutting Renwaddle could be attractive in any respect. As George recalled it, the man snuffled in a way which suggested he had some nasal impediment.

George was so upset he neglected to scowl at Smart-Nose on his way to the pheasant yard with a feeding of grain. Smart-Nose was tearing up an empty peanut sack and watching the scraps of paper float in the breeze

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along the moat surrounding the snake pit.

Smart-Nose said, "Ma, they're too dumb to know what to eat. Get me some more peanuts." His mother trotted away.

George spilled grain into the pheasant trays, too bothered to swear, as he usually did, at the new rat holes he observed in the yard. The rats had long ago grown too wise to stray into his traps.

The kangaroos also required grain, and George was dipping again into the big bin when he heard the scream.

There were different kinds of screaming. There was the kind women gave when they were separated by bars, wire and double-thick plate glass from a big cat, and the kind that meant business.

This was business.

George dropped the grain buckets and began to run. There were more sounds now. People were beginning to go away fast, half running, from the lion cages, but the trouble wasn't there. A crowd was gathering around the moat of the snake pit. George saw a junior keeper sprinting up from the pony track, but the man was too far away.

George said, "Look out!" and pushed his way through.

His mind was occupied, but he heard the scream again, and knew the voice was Mabel's. Mabel was leaning over the rim of the wall encircling the moat. He caught the flash of her green coat.

There was another figure where no figure should have been. Beside it loomed the rough rocks of the snake dens.

George swore, vaulted across the wall into the shallow water.

Smart-Nose was pleased with his own daring, pleased at the attention, pleased at the screams. Being wet to

the knees was a small price to pay. He looked over his shoulder at the yelling George, reached out for the diamond-backed coil on the rocks.

George's sweeping left hand struck the boy's shoulder, knocking him sprawling into the water.

The rattlesnake was within inches of them both. There wasn't any whirl of rattles, but George knew what was going to happen. His right hand snapped out; his fingers closed on the rough surface of scales.

Smart-Nose was shrieking, and for an instant George thought he had been bitten. In the next instant there was the scrape of a writhing body against George's own, and the grip of his fingers was broken.

There was sharp pain in the flesh of his thumb. George flung the snake away.

Smart-Nose was upright, howling, "He hit me, Ma! He hit me! Report him, Ma!"

George caught him by the scruff of the neck, hauled him across the moat and boosted him over the wall. George heaved himself up by his hands; there was a little smear of blood on the cement where his right thumb had rested.

The junior keeper said, "He nailed you, George."

George said, "It was bound to happen sometime." He started to walk toward the keepers' quarters, where the anti-snake venom was kept, but he hadn't gone more than half way when panic began to creep into his veins, and then took solid hold of him, and he began to run.

The junior keeper was panting along beside him. "You give yourself a shot, George. I'll call the hospital, get an ambulance out here..."

IT WAS very silly, of course, to be in a hospital. This injection had done the work, but Doc Knudsen, the

director, hadn't been taking any chances.

Doc hadn't said anything, though, about how George had done it wrong, and had let the snake get traction against his body.

George fumbled with the sheet. He wondered how the monkey was making out. He found it hard to believe that Mabel had come all the way down to the hospital just to see him.

It wasn't merely that he felt he ought to say something she would want to hear. He had had about all the wild clamoring inside him he could stand.

He couldn't look at her, but he said, "Mabel, there's something I've been wanting to tell you. I've been thinking that if I quit the zoo, maybe—"

He heard Mabel take a quick breath, but it was some little time before she spoke.

"Quit the zoo?" she said. "Why, George, you can't. You're a hero. Your picture's going to be in all the papers."

George opened his eyes. It certainly looked to him as if Mabel loved him—and meant it. He couldn't tell whether it was because of the pictures in the paper or because he finally had won but he knew he loved her more than whistling marmots, pigeons, zebus, and so on.

"Mabel," he said tentatively, "a man can't be a hero day in and day out, you know."

"George," she said, "you'll always be a hero."

George sighed. "I keep worrying, Mabel, about that monkey."

Mabel flicked his hand lightly with her scarf. He felt the gesture had more meaning than he could immediately decipher.

"We'll take turns," she said, "with the feedings."

Back of the Moon

(Continued from page 11)

than were Manhattan, Boston and Norfolk. Pittsburgh was not drowned, it was merely ruined by the quakes.

Fantasy, eh? Mince pie dreams? Don't kid yourself. This is no comic-strip chaos; this is a sober relation of potentialities for you which lie implicit in the bomb which blasted Hiroshima. These things are not certain; they are possibilities—possibilities inherent in the very theories which led up to the construction of the atomic bomb. If you think those theories fantastic—ask the burned bones of Hiroshima!

Two certainties stand out in the shadowland of atomics: First, that the energy latent in atomic nuclei (all atomic nuclei, the clothes you wear, the very bones of your body) exceeds the power of the mind to grasp or language to describe. It can be expressed only in dry, unemotional formulae. Second, that the knowledge of atomics of our most

learned scientists, Bohr, and Fermi, and Einstein, and the other giants—knowledge that made the bomb—is only a hint of what remains to be learned. We know of atomics what Watt knew of steam engineering, what the Wright brothers knew of aeronautics. Dr. Franklin, with his kite and key, was lucky not to have been electrocuted. We've been lucky—so far.

But atomics differs from all these other arts in that it is infinitely more dangerous.

You will find nuclear physicists who will minimize the probability of disaster overtaking this planet through atomics. They may assert (and may be right) that there is only a remote chance that any experiment could backfire to the extent of rendering the planet, or any considerable part of it, uninhabitable. But they will speak of probability. It is most unlikely that you will find

a qualified nuclear physicist anywhere who will claim that no danger whatsoever exists of mankind's making the globe unfit for human life through atomics.

Even a slight danger that we might blow up the Earth through an unfortunate experiment is too much danger. Oh, the Universe has plenty of planets and possibly plenty of "human" races. But I don't want to see this planet get bunged up. Purely local patriotism—but it's my home.

Are the dangers really as great as the above description of Catastrophe 1955 would indicate? How about that matter of a mathematical physicist's making a false assumption? The Smyth Report, the War Department's official account of the Atomic Bomb Project, describes the first experimental uranium "pile", set up in a squash court in the University of Chicago. The "critical size" of the pile had been calculated—the size

below which the fission reaction would not be self-perpetuating. However, in building the pile it was discovered that the true critical size was less than the calculated critical size—a slight mistake in mathematical theory. Shields were in place; no disaster resulted. "This was fortunate—" commented Dr. Smyth.

Very. It is fortunate also that the safeguards planned under slightly erroneous theory were sufficient to cover the error. Such is not always the case, as the widow of many a test pilot can tell you.

This is no slander on the mathematical physicists. Nothing can detract from the glory of their intellectual achievements—but it is a fact that they have had to change their theories over and over again in the last forty years.

Even so—how about this matter of blowing up the globe? It doesn't seem possible. But consider—U-235 explodes with roughly 40,000,000 times the force of TNT. U-235 is not particularly scarce. There is a pound of it in every hundred and forty pounds of ordinary uranium—and ordinary uranium is as plentiful as copper. You figure it out—how much would it take to wreck the country? Whatever amount you name, it will soon be available. In *Applied Nuclear Physics* (John Wiley & Son, Inc., Pub.), Ernest Pollard and William L. Davidson, Jr., both top-flight nuclear physicists, speak of the possibility of blowing half of the United States into the sea with a modest quantity of this isotope.

Catastrophe 1955 as described above is a very limited atomic catastrophe. Language and imagination are too feeble to describe blowing up the entire globe. But it is a possibility—a real danger. Nor did we try to describe that other type of atomic utter catastrophe—setting fire to the globe, atomic fire that would turn our home into a star, a *Nova*.

Very, very little is known about this possibility. What little is known bids us to walk softly. Nuclear reactions which give off energy appear to be of two types, both of them transmutations. The atomic scale runs from element 1, or hydrogen, up to element 94, or plutonium. The middle of the scale, say elements 40

to 60, appears to be fairly stable. The first type reaction breaks down the heaviest elements in the direction of the middle of the scale; the second type builds up the lightest elements. The atomic bomb was of the first type; the second type has been accomplished on earth only in the most microscopic, laboratory amount—but this is the type reaction believed to power the Sun. The sun power transmutations, first advanced by H. Bethe and now generally accepted, total up to a transformation of hydrogen into helium and positive electrons with an enormous release of radiant energy.

Can this type be accomplished on earth in any quantity? If it were, would it set off a chain reaction, like a cigarette butt in a dry forest, until the earth was a miniature star? Nobody knows. But this is sure—the Sun is made up of the same chemical elements as the Earth. It works there; it might work here.

You can count on this—as soon as technology produces the necessary pressures, temperatures, etc., some scientist is going to try.

It is not possible to legislate scientific research out of existence.

Back to the Catastrophe of 1955—we located the laboratory in the Adirondacks. Let's move it to a safe place. The story is different. Dooley, Feinstein, and associates are killed, yes. Their families are bereft and their brilliant brains are lost to us—but the catastrophe never takes place. During and after the explosion the people in the Mississippi Valley sleep peacefully. No flash terrifies them, no quake destroys their homes. No flood washes the grimy streets of London. The Manhattan skyscrapers still thrust arrogantly into the sky.

For there is a way, a practical way, to permit the scientists to pursue their dangerous search for truth—a safe place for them to do it.

Little America? The Klondike? Deep in the Himalayas? Not safe enough—this is global danger.

Where, then?

We took the power of the Sun down out of the sky—let us return it to the skies whence it came!

The proper place for that laboratory is the back face of the moon.

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 4)

week or so later I called on Ray Twyeffort, the international tailor, who, with his noted father, bears about the same relationship to color in men's clothes as my dad and grandpappy do to me.

I hadn't talked with Twyeffort in ten years. That long ago I wrote about him and his color schemes and it was like describing Buck Rogers in the year 2047, it was that fanciful. Now Twyeffort and the Businessman with a Briefcase had caught up with one another.

Ray Twyeffort is a keen-eyed, graying man of fifty years or so, with the energy of a Palomino stallion which has just been stung by a king-size bumblebee. Cornering him in his swank Rockefeller Center shop, I mumbled something about color. It had precisely the same effect on him as dropping in \$100 worth of nickels has on a juke box. From then on you just sit back and relax. You couldn't stop him even if you wanted to.

From Twyeffort's verbal machine-gunning I gathered that colorful

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clothes affect men somewhat the way a glimpse of Frances Langford used to affect GI's on places like Kwajalein or Guam. Color revives latent possibilities by stimulating the glands in subtle but often dramatic ways, making us want to climb telephone poles at times when ordinary mortals are thinking of taking a nap. Colors affect men differently, though, and nobody can say for sure whether it's pink or blue polka dots that will skyrocket the office boy into the presidency.

Twyeffort has a few rules of thumb to expedite color selection by shrinking violets and those who maybe can't tell one end of the spectrum from the other. Mousey individuals, he says, who aspire to that invincibility commonly associated with characters like Clark Gable or Johnny Weissmuller, should wear red. The old-time, red-flanneled volunteer fireman, the lumberjack in a red mackinaw and the red-shirted cowboy have seldom developed the sublimated ego now popularly described as nancypantsy. Does it work? One big sales organization put red neckties on all its salesmen and immediately increased its business by twenty per cent.

Twyeffort doesn't advocate that those of us who blanch under the stare of waiters or gas station attendants should dress in red from head to foot. Color should be used in small and appropriate—especially appropriate—doses. In the lining of an overcoat, for example. And a red sports jacket can put a plus sign in front of a minus personality. Even something as inconspicuous as red underdrawers can put bounce into those of us whose charm most closely resembles stale beer. Color can have a revitalizing effect on the wearer even when other people don't know it's being used.

For men on the morbid side—guys who are bored or soured, or who would like to have fun but don't know how to go about it—Twyeffort advocates yellow. Yellow is the color of gaiety, he says, (believe me, Twyeffort is deadly serious about all this) and after a hard day's work at the office yellow is a better burr under the saddle than three whiffs of a responsive blonde. The conventional black tuxedo and full dress suit move Twyeffort to moans of despair. "How can anybody have a good time dressed in black?" he asks, and his anguish is most apparent. "It takes six martinis to overcome the depressing effect of our evening clothes. They make men look like a bunch of pallbearers," he adds with what, in polite sartorial circles, passes for a snort.

Twyeffort has other color prescriptions, too. A nervous and excitable personality who needs calming down usually responds to the soothing effect of blue. It rests the man who wears it. There is the story of the head of a large business who was trying to get his board of directors to adopt a revolutionary marketing plan. The board members seemed un-

responsive and the executive began pounding on the desk and shouting, working himself into a lather and trying to drive home his points with noise and breast-beating. The directors became resentful and were about to scuttle the plan when the executive's knowing secretary, taking a transcript of the meeting, handed him a note on a slip of paper. "Go change to your blue suit," it read. The exec excused himself, went to the dressing room adjoining his office and put on an outfit of soft blue. He came back to the meeting, quietly assumed control and proceeded with calm dignity to convince his board that his proposal was sound.

But Twyeffort says that a single color isn't enough for any man. Variety, he says with the air of one who is coining an apt phrase, is the spice of life. Twyeffort pooh-poohs the idea that most men wouldn't know what colors to select. "Simplest thing in the world," he says. "Pick out what you like. Disregard convention. Convention is the arch enemy of progress. The worst dressed men are the top-flight names in the Social Register."

Twyeffort is really more conservative than his rapid-fire talk leads most people to believe. He deplores convention, but he is a stickler for what is appropriate. Convention requires black or midnight-blue evening dress. Twyeffort says it isn't appropriate to a festive occasion. So he plumps for yellow. Convention says a hound's-tooth sports jacket may not be worn in Wall Street brokerage offices. Twyeffort says it would be inappropriate and therefore *should* not be worn. In business offices where quiet and decorum prevail, clothing should match the atmosphere and colors should be soft and unobtrusive.

It's when you get out of doors that Twyeffort's theories of appropriateness give you real latitude. There the background is Nature and from the first light tint of Spring green to the riotous October reds, the lid is off. But in winter, because of the contrast they provide, even more varied colors fit the landscape, and Twyeffort, like many other tailors, expects that winter vacationists who want to express themselves in something light and gay and really different are going to set the styles in years ahead.

The biggest enemy to progress, he says, is the machine. To get men's clothing prices down and thereby increase their markets, manufacturers have worked their stubby fingers to the bone for higher production. They have therefore sacrificed color and variety in style, concentrating on a few numbers which tended to make every man look just about like every other man. Colorful clothes aren't cheap (Twyeffort's custom-made prices start at around \$200), but for men who want to be individuals they are worth the cost.

Most important of all, of course, is what the women think of all this. There is some difference of opinion about what they do think. A few

students who claim a knowledge of men's clothing, plus what they like to call an insight into feminine psychology, maintain with some heat that women repress men; they try to keep them dressing in noncommittal shades of blue, gray and brown. Their diabolical purpose in this is to reserve the color for themselves. If a man dresses in a black tuxedo, for example, he isn't likely to clash with the cerise and magenta outfit with which his lady hopes to dominate the festivities. But if he shows up in canary yellow tails he will not only clash seriously with her ensemble; he will divert a considerable share of attention to himself, a circumstance most women deplore and one calculated to spoil an entire evening.

Twyeffort doesn't hold with this theory. When they aren't doing the dishes or wiping little Herbert's nose, women are happiest when they are attracting men or being attracted by them, in a nice way. And colorful clothes make us so attractive to women, Twyeffort says, that he sometimes wonders if it's quite decent. He is fond of citing as an example the annual horse show in New York, one of the great events of the social season. Everyone dresses up in whatever sporting finery he can command. "And who steals the show every year?" asks Twyeffort. Before you can even guess he answers, "The Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. When they ride around the ring and go over the jumps every eye in the place follows them. Why? Not because they ride better; they don't. They just wear those red coats and everybody says how wonderful they are and the women fill Madison Square Garden with one vast sigh of longing."

Twyeffort himself dresses colorfully but without flash. His shop is filled with sports clothes of bright yellow, rust, crimson and stripes that would stop a circus calliope. But when I talked with him he wore a suit that appeared to be a conservative blue of intricate weave with a snapper blue lining, backed up with a blue striped shirt and matching tie.

When we went outside together in the late afternoon to walk a few blocks uptown, Twyeffort's clothes immediately became several decibels brighter in the sunlight. I asked him where he was going. "Home," he said. "I've got to change my clothes. Tell your people that. Tell them always to change their clothes after a day's work. Best refresher in the world. It's like putting on a new personality. Discard the office personality and put on the relaxation personality. Everybody should do it."

We were about to part and Twyeffort stopped to shake my hand. "And tell them," he said with just the slightest hint of appeal in his voice, "please to make their clothes just a little brighter." And I went on home wondering where my wife had put that red necktie my Aunt Minnie gave me years ago. And I wondered, too, just how one goes about learning to yell like Tarzan.

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 5)

trols on finished housing materials, some contend, will bring home prices down. They argue that costs have been driven up by expensive construction delays. Others are not so optimistic.

The calibre of the new Congress has not encouraged health insurance advocates. Senator Taft is reported re-writing his health bill (described as "poor-law medicine" by its critics) for early introduction. It provides Federal grants-in-aid to the States for medical care of the indigent, or near-indigent, but lacks insurance provisions.

Also undergoing repair, reflecting constructive criticisms brought out in last year's hearing, is the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill. More realistic approaches to the problems of the established voluntary health organizations and decentralization of authority may be expected.

Broader sponsorship is not unlikely. At least two Republican Senators indicated great interest in the nation's health problem at earlier hearings.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 18)

many States, so that there is good turkey-hunting today and probably will be for many years to come. Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida all boast good turkey-hunting. Other southern and south central States have wild turkeys and New Mexico and Arizona in the Southwest have plenty of birds for the sportsman.

The wild turkey is hunted in different ways in different localities. Many claim he is the smartest of all game birds and the hardest to bag. Yet once in a while the hunter will run across a dumb one—or possibly, just like a smart man will often make a mistake, a smart turkey may get careless.

I recall an instance when hunting turkeys in Virginia. We had used all our skill and really worked at turkey-hunting, but without success. There were a few ruffed grouse in the woodland and finally we called it a day as far as turkeys were concerned, deciding we would hunt what we could kill. We had no grouse dog, so my friend and I went plowing through the woods, making the usual noise you make when you break through brush and tramp on dead limbs. Furthermore, we did a lot of calling back and forth to each other to hold the line and not get separated. While I was fighting my way through an extra thick tangle, a big turkey gobbler flushed from almost under my feet.

Perhaps the sportiest way to hunt these birds is with a good turkey

dog. Such a dog crosses a trail where the birds have been feeding and follows it at top speed until he flushes the flock. Then he barks and scatters them to the four winds and dashes back to his master. The hunters follow him to where the birds were flushed, build a small blind or sit with their backs to trees with a little brush to cover their outline. After some little time has elapsed to let the turkeys forget their fright, the hunters attempt to call the scattered flock back together.

I say attempt because this is an art and unless the caller is good the scheme doesn't work. A number of different calls are used to imitate the notes of the birds. One of these is made from a turkey wing bone which the caller sucks through. I have seen men who could do a good job with the pipe they had been smoking a few minutes before. A cedar box, along one edge of which is scraped a piece of a slate, often is effective. Another call used is a cedar box with a lid pivoted at one end. On the bottom of this lid is a well-sanded bulge. This bulge is covered with chalk and when it is scraped across the edge of the box it talks turkey.

One man I hunted with carried a small piece of slate and a corn cob into which he had inserted a piece of hard wood a little smaller than a lead pencil, just so it was a tight fit in the pith of the cob. He would scrape the slate with his knife to roughen it slightly, then, holding

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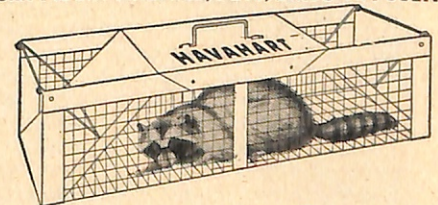
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it cupped in the palm of his left hand, he would take the cob in his right hand and work the end of the hard-wood stick lightly over the slate. He produced music that would make a prime young turkey gobbler leave his home and mother.

Often turkeys have been killed over grain, but this is illegal in most States and should be in all States. Long strings of corn dropped sparsely lead the turkeys to a previously-built blind where hunters wait to pot them when they feed up. Another method of baiting is to place feed before several blinds. When you see the feed is being eaten, you know the turkeys have found it and you get in the hide before daylight to wait for them.

Turkeys roost in high trees and in a still woods a hunter can hear the racket their great wings make when they fly to the roost. Many a turkey has fallen to the gun because of the noise he makes when he climbs through the air to his favorite roosting spot. The poacher or pot-hunter may sky-light him from below and shoot him off the roost. The sportsman will arrive near the roost tree early the next morning and do his turkey hunting when the birds first fly down.

Often the lucky hunter kills his bird when a turkey flushed by other hunters flies to, or over, him. A friend of mine was hunting with a party in Virginia last Fall. No one had killed or even seen a turkey. My friend gave up and started back to the car to wait for the more enthusiastic members of the party to quit. As he topped a high hill almost to the road, he heard a shot from across the ravine or valley. Looking toward the sound he saw a big turkey in the air coming his way. He said he didn't move a step after he saw the bird. It was directly over his head and not twenty yards up when he killed it.

When turkeys were more plentiful and not quite so smart, men often killed them over dogs. Occasionally today you hear of a turkey squatting tight before a pointing dog. To kick out a big bird like a turkey before pointer or setter as you would a quail, must be quite an experience. I have never had this happen to me.

There are slightly different colorations in the birds of different localities. For example, the birds of Arizona and those of Tidewater, Virginia, are quite different. The western birds do not have that deep chocolate tail, where a bit of white means tame blood. It so happens that often tame hens from a farm will go wandering around the woods in the Spring of the year and at that time wild gobblers are also wandering around. Therefore, it is not unusual to kill a wild bird that shows a trace of tame blood. If this wandering hen steals her nest, her brood will never go back to the farm.

Where outlying farms have turkeys near cover frequented by wild birds, it is entirely possible that

tame toms wander through the woods where wild hens may fancy their more gaudy colors and slick city ways. A cross with a wild hen and a tame gobbler would surely produce birds that would lead the life of a wild turkey. In such a mating the domestic blood wouldn't have a chance under the influence of the wild hen.

Game authorities say that the tame blood will breed out of a flock of turkeys in a few years and no trace of it will be visible. Yet wild trapped birds used on State game farms soon become tame and their offspring, while perfectly marked, are so domesticated that they prefer three square meals to the freedom of the wild where they have to hustle for their food.

In fact, the State of Missouri, which has wild turkeys in the Ozark country, has made some interesting experiments in an effort to find out why hand-reared wild turkeys cannot make a living and survive when liberated in the woods. Scientific study showed that the glands which make a turkey scary and give the birds the instinct to flee from danger were much smaller and less active in birds raised on the game farm than those of the wild turkey. Such birds would naturally fall easy prey to predators and stocking them is a waste of time and money. They couldn't go wild if they wanted to.

If I were going turkey-hunting this winter I think I would pick North Carolina. This State has a breed of swamp turkeys that are different from any I have seen elsewhere. They are almost black and their blue heads have the appearance of being moss-covered. When you hear a countryman from the swamp country say that he killed a fine old moss-head, you will know what he means.

This State also has the typical chocolate-tailed turkey and about as many as any of the States. Yet the State game authorities say frankly the maintaining of an ade-

quate number of wild turkeys to furnish sport is an urgent problem. At present they are planning a project to increase their turkeys by game management in sections where the birds have been depleted. The season has been closed in such areas and the State will thus save the remaining birds and from them they will breed flocks to restock the woodlands. Learning from the findings of Missouri, the State men will produce these birds under conditions as nearly wild as possible.

North Carolina's open season on turkeys is from November 28 through January 31. The law allows each hunter one turkey a day, with a season bag of two birds. Perhaps the best turkey-hunting extends along the Roanoke River in Bertie, Martin, Halifax, Washington and North Hampton counties. Turkeys have long known that wet swamps are good protection. Audubon said they like to roost in trees that extend out over wide creeks and rivers.

I have a friend in North Carolina who does his turkey-hunting from a boat. Paddling slowly along the sluggish swamp river near his home, he watches the trees along the bank. Often he sees birds fly across the stream early in the morning or late in the evening. A dog rustling around on the shore helps by driving turkeys to the trees along the stream.

Remember that if he has white in his tail feathers you haven't killed a hundred per cent wild turkey. The bird's head should be blue in death and not red. The wild turkey has pink feet and legs, while the legs of the tame bronze turkey are black. How you hunt him or where you hunt him, the wild turkey is prime game. When you get him you are in for a treat—unless he has been eating too many wild onions, and that doesn't happen very often. Maybe he should have been our National Bird. Certainly he rates the honor when stuffed with oysters and plenty of cranberry sauce on the side.



"Gad, how that man can play!"

News of the Order



Part of the fascinated crowd of 70,000 people watches the Lockheed P-80 Jet Plane, "The Shooting Star", take off during the Aerial Exhibition put on by the Tactical Air Command; sponsored by the Winston (Winston-Salem), N. C., Lodge as a boost to the drive for enlistments in the U. S. Peacetime Army in which the Order is cooperating wholeheartedly.

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NAT

Right: E.R. P. P. Monaco of Panama Canal Zone (Balboa), C. Z., Lodge, No. 1414, presents to Technician Fifth Grade Elbert L. Tremblay, Headquarters Company of the Caribbean Defense Command, the \$50 first-prize check for his poster, "Around the World", entered in the United Service Organization Poster Contest.



Left: Two members of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge who worked at the Army Recruiting Booth sponsored by the lodge at the West Tennessee District Fair look on as E.R. H. E. Henry, Jr., shakes hands with M/Sgt. William E. McMahon, NCO in charge, in the presence of other Army non-coms who assisted.

Right is the Auto Division sponsored by Burley, Ida., Lodge in the Grand Parade held in conjunction with the Cassia County, Idaho, Fair, promoting Voluntary Enlistment in the U. S. Peacetime Army.



IONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION



Above is the all-Elk Band of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge with the buses used to carry the members to the St. Cloud Veterans Hos-

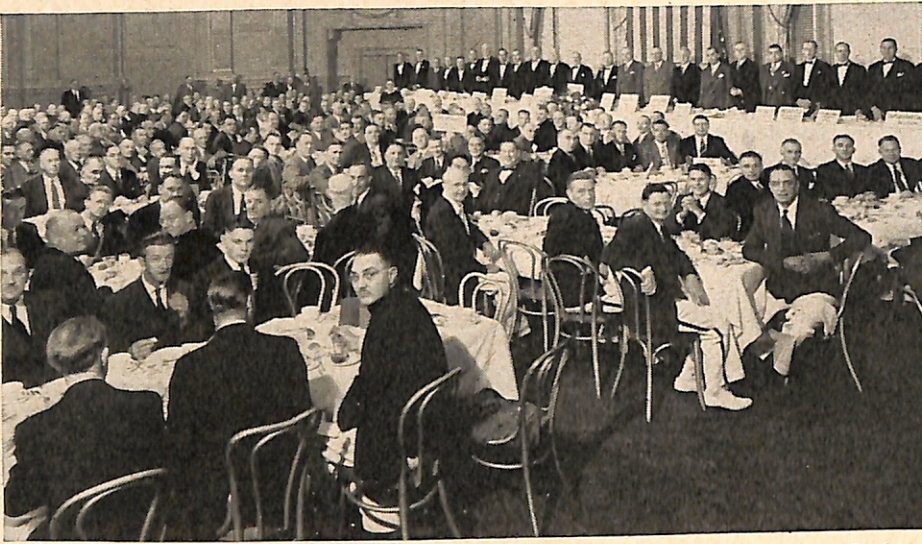
pital to entertain servicemen there, in cooperation with the program outlined by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

Right: Cadet Lt. Col. Jack Peterson, center, San Diego High School R.O.T.C., is shown holding the trophy presented to the best battalion by San Diego, Calif., Lodge. At left is Est. Loyal Knight Carmine Adesso who made the presentation, and, right, Est. Leading Knight Harry H. Pundt.



Left: Secy. John G. Hedges looks on as E.R. Edward A. Lavery presents North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge's Citation of Appreciation to Albert Vandette, who was wounded at Guadalcanal, when the lodge honored its war veterans.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S



A view of the banquet given for the Grand Exalted Ruler by Portland, Ore., Lodge. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Gov. Earl Snell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan and Mayor Earl Riley are among those on the dias.



Grand Est. Lead. Knight Emmett T. Anderson, left, and Mr. Broughton make obvious use of a blow-up of the October cover of *The Elks Magazine* at the home of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge.



Mr. Broughton, second from right, is pictured with Hibbing, Minn., Lodge officials.



Chairman John E. Drummey and Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan; the Grand Exalted Ruler; Clifton B. Mudd of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Chairman Robert S. Farrell, Jr., of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Grand Esquire F. T. Garesche, seated left to right, during Mr. Broughton's visit to Corvallis, Ore., Lodge.

ABOUT three hundred and fifty members of the Order, and their ladies, representing nearly every Maine lodge as well as several others in New England, greeted Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan, Wis., in Biddeford-Saco on October 18th. The occasion of the official visit of the leader of this great Fraternity was marked by a testimonial banquet given in his honor by the **MAINE STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** at St. Joseph's Hall.

Present and past officials of **BIDDEFORD-SACO LODGE NO. 1597** acted as hosts at this gala affair at which the lodge's Entertainment Committee, under the capable chairmanship of Albert F. Deshaies, put on a fine program.

Among the distinguished guests present was the following group from Massachusetts: Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, State President Edward Spry and Past State President George Steele. Another out-of-State visitor was Past Grand Inner Guard Charles T. Durell of Portsmouth, N. H.

Maine dignitaries included Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Judge Daniel E. Crowley, Biddeford-Saco; District Deputies John McComb, Jr., Sanford, and John Hall, Houlton; State President James Mulvaney, Bangor; Past Grand Inner Guard Fred L. Sylvester, Lewiston, and C. Dwight Stevens, Portland, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. The Mayors of Biddeford and Saco, Louis B. Lausier and Charles S. Anthony respectively, were on hand, as well as Chairman Herman S. Gerrish of the Old Orchard Beach Board of Selectmen.

Following the lavish banquet a reception was held in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor at the home of Biddeford-Saco Lodge, when he was the recipient

VISITS

of several beautiful gifts from various lodges in the State, as well as from several industrial concerns.

THE following month found Mr. Broughton in the West, when he paid visits to many subordinate lodges out there, including **LA CROSSE, WIS., LODGE, NO. 300**, on November 5th, at which the Presidents of three State Elks Associations were present. They were John C. Fay, Wisconsin; Emory Hughes, Minnesota, and Leo P. Ronan, Iowa.

ON NOVEMBER 6th, **MARSHFIELD, CHIPPEWA FALLS and EAU CLAIRE, WIS., LODGES** were favored by a visit from the Order's leader. On that day Mr. Broughton, accompanied by a delegation from LaCrosse and Marshfield Lodges, visited the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills at Black River Falls. Also attending this ceremony during which Mr. Broughton placed a wreath on the grave of the first Wisconsin Elk to head the Order of Elks, were several members of Mr. Mills' family at whose home the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests at luncheon later.

At the home of **CHIPPEWA FALLS LODGE NO. 1326**, Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton addressed an enthusiastic gathering at an afternoon meeting, after which a large group of Elks from **EAU CLAIRE LODGE NO. 402** escorted him to their lodge home where he was tendered a banquet and presented with many valuable gifts in the presence of a group of Wisconsin Elk officials, including D.D. William Uthmeier, formerly a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, State President Fay and Past State President T. F. McDonald.

The Grand Exalted Ruler visited **HIBBING, MINN., LODGE, NO. 1022**, on November 7th.

LODGES visited by Mr. Broughton on November 8th were **VIRGINIA, MINN., NO. 1003**, and three Wisconsin lodges, **SUPERIOR NO. 403, ASHLAND NO. 137** and **WAUSAU NO. 248**. The Elks of **APPLETON, WIS., LODGE, NO. 337**, entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler on November 9th.



At the Fall State Assn. meeting at Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge are, left to right, Secy. F. H. Krause, Grand Secy. J. Edgar Masters, Mr. Broughton and E.R. J. C. Gribben.



Mr. Broughton at Portsmouth, N. H., with Elk dignitaries, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan and Grand Treas. John F. Burke.



The Grand Exalted Ruler and E.R. John Holdorf, Sr., of Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge are pictured in front of the lodge's honor roll,

with Wisconsin Elk officials, including State Pres. John Fay and D.D. William Uthmeier, right and third from right respectively.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE



Peru, Ind., Lodge's Float in the parade held during the homecoming of Peru's many prominent native sons and daughters, including Lt.-Gen. George Stratmeyer.



Miss Julia Stewart receives the Elks National Foundation \$300 scholarship from E.R. John C. Linczer at a meeting of Honolulu, T. H., Lodge. D.D. Ralph Morris at left.



Past Exalted Rulers H. J. Thielen, John C. Ing and J. F. Misphey, State Assn. Trustee, receive Honorary Life Memberships from Sacramento, Calif., Lodge.

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH., Lodge, No. 323, gave a \$5,000 boost to the \$600,000 Munson Hospital Expansion Fund. Several Elk dignitaries took part in the presentation of this check, received by Superintendent Bennett McCarthy of the Hospital, including No. 323's veteran Secretary, H. D. Gage. The contribution is one of the largest single donations made to this Fund.

HARVEY, ILL., Lodge, No. 1242, is currently engaged in doing everything possible to make the stay of disabled veterans in Government hospitals as pleasant as possible. Regular programs have been set up in each hospital, and Harvey Lodge will participate in this vital project. The Harvey Elks Committee has already underwritten several programs at Vaughn General Hospital, and some time ago No. 1242 set up a fund for the purchase of cigarettes and other important articles for veterans, which they have much appreciated.

The Harvey Elks are now cooperating in the program adopted by the Order for the recruiting of a peacetime Army, and have already reported that they have exceeded their quota in this drive, sponsored by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

HONOLULU, T. H., Lodge, No. 616, held a formal reception not long ago at its Waikiki clubhouse to honor Miss Julia Stewart, winner of one of the two \$300 scholarships awarded by the Elks National Foundation Trustees to applicants from U. S. Possessions in the 1946 "Most Valuable Student Contest". Miss Stewart entered the University of Hawaii this Fall to complete her studies. Her mother attended this reception which also honored E.R. John C. Linczer and D.D. Ralph W. Morris who had just returned from New York City where they attended the 1946 Grand Lodge Convention.

Honolulu Lodge, which recently added 46 new members to its rolls, follows to the letter the aims and purposes of the Order. In a recent message to his Brother Elks, E.R. Linczer paraphrased the plea made by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton to fight all foreign "isms", and warned those Elks in his jurisdiction against the dangers of these subversive elements.

GARY, IND., Lodge, No. 1152, jam-packed its home with 400 enthusiastic well-wishers when a dinner and entertainment were given for Tony Zale, the world's middleweight champion. A diamond Elks' ring was presented to the champion on behalf of Gary Lodge by E.R. Vincent McCormack.

Past Grand Esquire Joseph B. Kyle emceed this affair when tributes were paid the prizefighter by a great many civic and Elk officials.

MACOMB, ILL., Lodge, No. 1009, welcomed D.D. A. C. Vanselow on his official visit recently and nearly 300 Elks were there to hear him review the work of the Order. Nine new members were initiated at the business session which followed a fried chicken dinner.

LODGES

N. Y. EAST DISTRICT. A Past Exalted Rulers' Association of the East District of New York State was formed recently under the direction of Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, of New Rochelle Lodge, Past State President.

The organizational meeting took place at the home of White Plains Lodge No. 535, when 135 former lodge leaders elected the following officers: Pres., Arthur J. Fox, Mt. Kisco; Vice-Pres., Walter F. Ficke, Mamaroneck, and Secy.-Treas., Victor D. Levitt, Jr., Mt. Vernon.

The Association's main objectives are to promote continued interest in the Order by the establishment of many groups. Among these are a speakers' bureau for all public ceremonies, a public relations bureau to promote better relations with the public through the press, and an inter-lodge group to foster better relationships between the lodges, encouraging all inter-lodge activities. A scholarship group will go to work promoting increased interest in State and Grand Lodge contests, and a ritualistic group will take care of special Elk occasions. A second dinner meeting was held not long ago at the home of Mt. Kisco Lodge No. 1552 when committees for the promotion of these ideas were appointed.

MUSKEGON, MICH., Lodge, No. 274, is nothing if not modern. A new epoch in fraternal exchange of courtesies took place recently when the Muskegon Elks chartered a PCA plane, packed into it their officers and Drill Team and flew them 200 miles to Petoskey. Landing there, these air-minded Elks were greeted by E.R. Clare Gillet and other officials of Petoskey Lodge No. 629, and were taken to the lodge home where the visiting Degree Team initiated 25 candidates for No. 629. Eighty-one-year-old Wm. T. Evans, P.D.D., Past State Pres. and at present a Trustee of the Association, who made the plane trip from Muskegon, was one of the interesting speakers on the program. P.D.D.'s John R. Ulberg, C. C. Eddy and R. E. Miller also spoke, complimenting Petoskey Lodge on its splendid showing. Dinner was served to approximately 350 persons.

LEADVILLE, COLO., Lodge, No. 236, is perfectly willing to admit that youth must be served, and proved its acceptance of that fact by playing host to about 130 Teen Ageds at a dance recently. Delicious refreshments were also included in the program, which was a howling success.

MANISTIQUE, MICH., Lodge, No. 632, started a "Back the Team" campaign to gain community and school support for high school athletics, and in no time at all it snowballed into a huge booster effort. A total of 2,000 tickets was in circulation to make the final football game of the season a sell-out.

The Elks of Manistique Lodge have received a great deal of praise for their successful efforts to secure the enthusiastic backing of the city for the high school students' activities.



Officers of N.Y. East District P.E.R.s' Assn. at the organizational meeting at Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge, with Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, right.

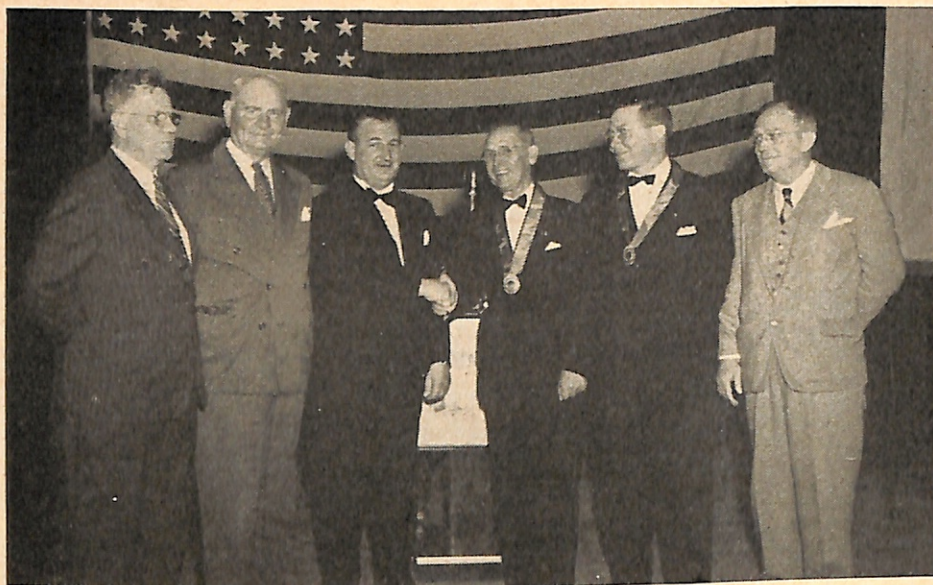


Officers and Drill Team of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge when they flew to Petoskey to initiate a class at the lodge there.



State Association and lodge officials are shown with D.D. Weston E. Jones when he paid his official visit to Boone, Ia., Lodge recently.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett, second from left, pictured with Elk dignitaries when D.D. Henry A. Schuoler visited Silver Spring, Md., Lodge.



Dr. Barrett, left, presents Washington, D. C., Lodge's \$1,000 certificate of membership in the Elks National Foundation to E.R. R. T. Pickrel.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, has turned a couple of neat tricks to assure the members of the Hollywood Boys' Club in Southern California a lot of fun.

Not only has No. 99 offered its swimming pool to the boys for Saturday afternoon dips, but they solved transportation problems which were bothering the Club. On behalf of his lodge, E.R. Arthur S. Guerin, Municipal Judge, presented a new 25-passenger bus to the Boys' Club, and Director Fred Fleck accepted it on behalf of the members.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, initiated 27 new Elks recently and entertained Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett the same evening.

Dr. Barrett, a member of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, presented No. 15's \$1,000 certificate of membership in the Foundation to E.R. Rosell T. Pickrel, whose father and three brothers were members of that night's class. He also handed an Award of Merit to P.E.R. W. Seymour Hall for his outstanding work in behalf of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and a Grand Lodge Credentials Committee card of membership to P.E.R. Ambrose Durkin. P.E.R. John D. Fitzgerald addressed the new Elks and the capacity crowd of older members, following which business was suspended and social activities were enjoyed.

OHIO SOUTHEAST DISTRICT. East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge, No. 258, was the scene of the Ohio Southeast District Conference Oct. 26th and 27th. Over 400 Elks registered, among them Cyril A. Kremser, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; most of the present State officers, headed by Pres. John H. Neate; Joseph W. Fitzgerald, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Past Grand Inner Guard Robert Dunkle, and many past and present District Deputies and Ohio Elk officials. A dance was held Saturday evening to start things off, and a dinner followed the business meeting Sunday. The next District meeting will be held in February.



Rhode Island State Elk officials look on as Miss Mildred Pate-naude receives the \$200 Elks National Foundation Scholarship

award from Past State President Thomas E. Harding at a banquet given in her honor by Pawtucket, Rhode Island, Lodge.

MASS. NORTHEAST DISTRICT. Five Massachusetts lodges, Gloucester, Salem, Winthrop, Wakefield and Peabody, are doing their best to keep the youth of their section interested in sports. The Elks Youth Movement was organized this year, with each lodge fielding junior baseball teams on a 20-game schedule, divided in two parts.

The first half was won by Gloucester Lodge No. 892 and the second by Peabody Lodge No. 1409 which also won the play-offs to determine the championship. The 1946 winners were awarded the Dr. Henry I. Yale Trophy which must be won three times for permanent possession. Dr. Yale is a Past District Deputy and Secretary of Peabody Lodge. The Most Valuable Player Trophy, donated by E.R. Gervaise J. Carlz of Winthrop Lodge, was awarded to Paul Nichenchuk of the Peabody Junior Elks Baseball Team.

The Northeast Elks' Youth Movement has received much favorable comment from newspapers, radio and the general public. Each lodge has outfitted these teen-age boys in all the latest baseball equipment, entertained them at big-league baseball contests, awarded each player a jacket and thrown a banquet for them at which there were a number of sports celebrities and the parents of each boy.



Kansas Elk officials are pictured with the float entered by Augusta, Kans., Lodge in the city's Diamond Jubilee Parade.

SALIDA, COLO., Lodge, No. 808, held a meeting early in November which was one of the finest ever. D.D. M. B. Chase was scheduled to make his official visit that evening, but a snowstorm put an end to that idea. However, the evening went as planned with about 150 old and new Elks enjoying a dinner before the initiation of eight candidates.

NUTLEY, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, through its Servicemen's Welfare Committee under the chairmanship of P.E.R. Mayor William J. Jernick, formerly of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, recently feted its own veterans with a dinner and show.

A full-course turkey dinner was served and the elaborate floor show which followed featured many Broadway artists. As a final gesture of appreciation an Elks' diamond emblem pin was presented to each of the 50 servicemen members. To round out the program, Mayor Jernick addressed the huge gathering.



Thirty-four new members of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge are photographed with the lodge officers.

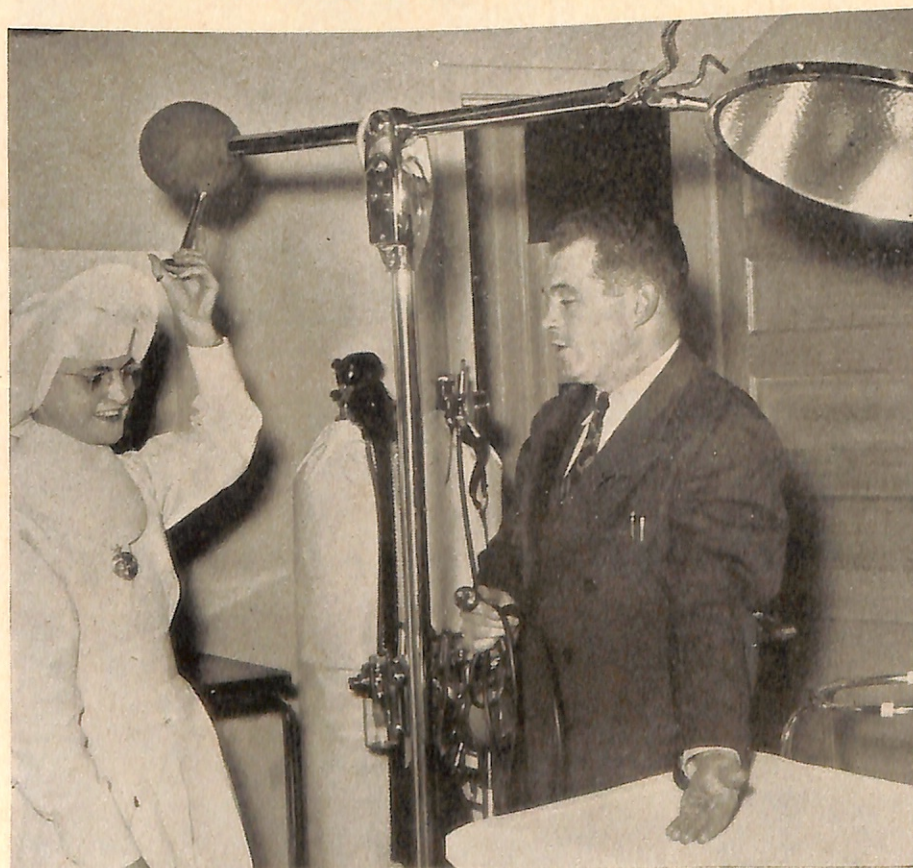


Above is photographed the representatives class of one hundred Lodge by P.E.R.'s of East District lodges at the institution ceremonies of the lodge which took place late in September, 1946.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above are photographed the thirty men who were initiated into Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton when D.D. Harold Londo, seated front row, center, visited there.



E.R. Jack B. Gaff is pictured with Sister M. Florence, surgical supervisor of St. Joseph Hospital, with one of the adjustable emergency lights donated to each hospital in South Bend and Mishawaka by South Bend, Ind., Lodge.

AURORA, ILL., Lodge, No. 705, gave the city's community blood bank a wonderful and rather large gift on its third anniversary. Tipping the scale at close to half a ton, the gift is a high-pressure laboratory autoclave which was proudly displayed in a downtown show window. The machine, a precision instrument used in the numerous sterilizing operations essential to the processing of blood and plasma, will take its place at Copley Hospital.

The valuable gift was made by No. 705 at a cost close to \$1,500, through the intercession of City Judge Walter O'Malley, vice-president of the Aurora Blood Bank and Donors Society, who expressed the society's deep appreciation to Aurora Lodge.

BRONX, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, paid tribute to its distinguished Past Exalted Ruler, D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy, at a testimonial dinner attended by a capacity crowd. Among D.D. McCarthy's well-wishers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, State Pres. Judge John F. Scileppi and Bronx County Judge Lester W. Patterson, who acted as Toastmaster.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., Lodge, No. 1667, turned out in full force at a recent meeting when D.D. Fred V. Vance of Bristol paid his official visit there and got in on a country ham supper and all the trimmings.

During the lodge session the District Deputy spoke at some length on the progress of No. 1667 which announced through its Trustees that it pledged a substantial contribution to the Elks National Foundation.

PRICE, UTAH, Lodge, No. 1550, is growing apace, with five new Elks added to the roster recently. On October 9th this branch of the Order entertained D.D. Seth Billings at a dinner at the Carbon County Country Club before he made his official visit to the lodge home. All present officers of No. 1550 and its Past Exalted Rulers were present, as well as State Pres. R. T. Mitchell.

The public-spirited Price Elks, who received their Certificate of Appreciation for full cooperation in the Elks War Commission program not long ago, are actively engaged in many civic projects, and recently presented 24 books to the city's Carnegie Library and several to Helper City Library. Another new community activity is the organization of a Senior Air Scout Squadron, which No. 1550 will sponsor. The purpose of this branch of the Boy Scouts is to train young boys in the technical aspects of aeronautics. The boys will receive expert instruction in all phases of this science, with a minimum of 18 months required before they can become Air Ace Scouts. Plans are being made for the outfitting of the entire squadron in regulation Air Scout uniforms. At one of their weekly meetings, the Scouts heard Captain R. L. Beeson, formerly with the 9th Air Force, who lectured on the importance of instrument flying and other aspects of aeronautics. These boys recently won a lot of applause with their display of model planes, etc., at the Southeastern Utah Fair.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Lodge, No. 59, lost no time in beginning its cooperation with the suggested program of entertainment for hospitalized veterans offered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

Two buses were secured to carry the lodge's all-Elk band to the St. Cloud Veterans Hospital for mental patients, when E.R. Phil Johnson acted as M.C. for the 500th performance given for convalescent servicemen in Minnesota since 1941.

During the past five years Mr. Johnson has used over 1500 different players and 137 different bands, making the 100-mile-trip to St. Cloud by bus, with expenses taken care of by the Minnesota Elks Assn., constituting the 24 lodges in the State. The program goes on twice a week in the various hospital centers of Minnesota and it will continue to provide entertainment as long as veterans of World Wars I and II are confined to hospitals.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., Lodge, No. 258, made Armistice Day, 1946, more than just a holiday for 95 youngsters from the McCullough-Jefferson County Children's Home.

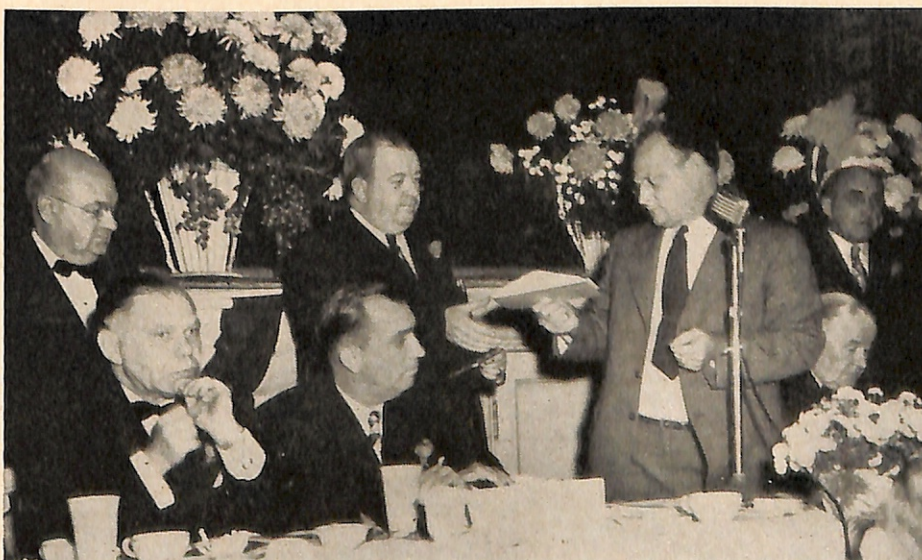
An annual affair for 28 years, this "treat" included a movie and a dinner, topped off with a vaudeville show by professional entertainers. The children, ranging from six to 17, were brought to town in three chartered buses, and taken directly to the theater where they were guests of the management. They were then taken to the lodge home for a recreation period and at six p.m. dinner was served in the ballroom with about 150 Elks and their wives in attendance. Even after dinner the fun wasn't over: an hour's vaudeville show, featuring "Punch and Judy", among other acts, kept the children amused till nine when they were returned to the Home.



The class initiated into Saginaw, Mich., Lodge initiated in honor of District Vice-President Albert P. Miller, with the lodge officers.



Those who attended the dinner given by the officers of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge in honor of D.D. Albert C. Vanselow and Springfield, Ill., Lodge's officers.

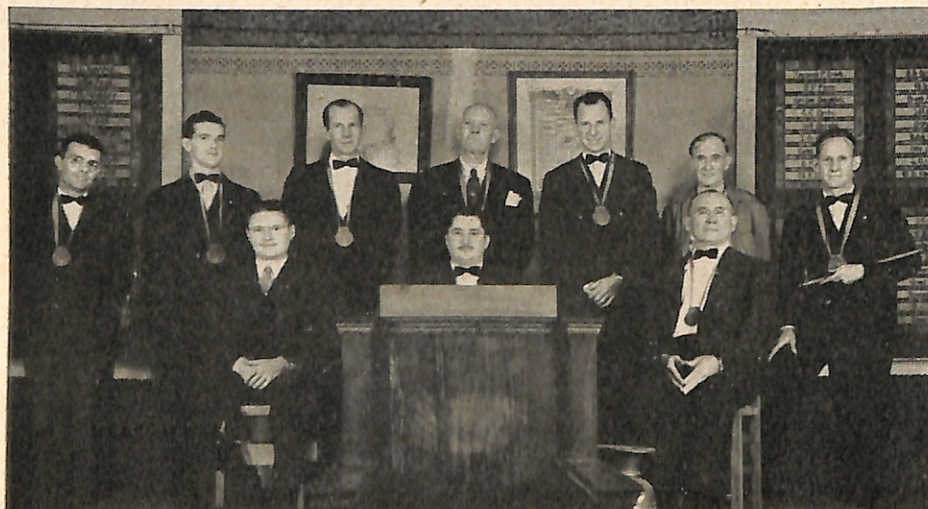


During Williamsport, Pa., Lodge's mortgage-burning celebration attended by Grand Trustee George I. Hall and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, Milton, Pa., Lodge purchased a \$1,000 Permanent Benefactor's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation in memory of the Milton Elk who lost his life in World War II.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Officers of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge with D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy, seated fourth from left, State Vice-Pres. James F. Nilan, Jr., seated center, and the largest class ever initiated there. Most of the candidates are World War II veterans.



Galena, Kans., Lodge's officers pictured with D.D. R. L. Johnsmeyer when twelve candidates were initiated.



Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge presents a wrist watch to its first E.R., I. A. Snyder, in the presence of past and present officers and D.D. J. H. Bennett.

WINSTON (WINSTON-SALEM), N. C., Lodge, No. 449, really went all-out to cooperate in the drive for enlistments in the U. S. Peace-time Army. Letters were mailed to all 18-year-old youths in that district and all members of No. 449 were requested to contact eligible men to explain the splendid opportunities offered in the regular Army. Posters and literature were furnished by the War Department and given wide distribution, and, through the efforts of Captain W. E. Cooper, U.S.A. recruiting officer for that section, a Static Display from the 82nd Airborne Division was secured and placed on exhibition in the Courthouse Square for a week, attracting a terrific amount of attention.

Fever-pitch interest was aroused through the Tactical Air Command of the U. S. Army Air Forces which sent 16 of the latest type planes for an exhibition, sponsored by Winston Lodge, at Smith Reynolds Airport on Sunday, Sept. 15th. An invitation to the exhibition was sent to Major General Samuel E. Anderson who accepted with alacrity, arriving in the city on the 14th. That evening a dinner was given by the lodge in honor of him, Col. K. R. Powell and the fliers of the Tactical Air Command. No. 449 held open house for the 70 men of the Command during the entire duration of their stay in Winston-Salem.

These wide-awake North Carolina Elks didn't miss a trick, their well-thought-out publicity program including approximately 30 radio spots during the week prior to the show, and two 15-minute "live" programs over Stations WSJS and WAIR, including an address by General Anderson.

The Aerial Exhibition, during which no accidents were reported, went off according to schedule before an estimated 70,000 enthusiastic spectators who cooperated fully with those in charge. It was reported that the show grossed \$6,281. The local Elks underwrote all expenses, including insurance, tax, advertising, etc., and after these expenses were taken care of, a residue of \$2,725.60 was available and was turned over to charitable organizations.

The most spectacular of the aircraft in the exhibition was the breath-taking Lockheed P-80—a "Shooting Star"—the jet-propelled fighter from the First Fighter Group at March Field, Calif., which flew at speeds of more than 600 miles an hour.

The patriotic members of Winston Lodge, who put on the show under the Chairmanship of W. H. Maddrey of their Veterans Service Commission, feel more than satisfied with all the trouble they took. A wonderful letter of appreciation was received by them from Captain Cooper, revealing that enlistments for the month of August was 31 men, and for the period of the 1st of September to October 5th, 76 Americans signed up, 47 of them in the 17-to-19 age group. A large number of these, Captain Cooper's letter stated, were accounted for through the tremendous efforts of No. 449.

The following organizations rendered valuable service to Winston Lodge in making this show a success:

- U. S. Army Recruiting Service (Local)
- Winston-Salem Police Dept.
- Forsyth County Sheriff's Dept.
- Civil Air Patrol
- Twin City Motorcycle Club
- N.C. State Highway Patrol

**Notice Regarding
Applications for Residence
At Elks National Home**

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

CASPER, WYO., Lodge, No. 1353, put on its first annual Fall Festival recently and it turned out to be a huge success. Over 500 members and their families, including the small fry, attended the dinner and the entertainment program which included community singing, piano selections and a clever skit put on by three members of No. 1353. Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis Brewer was Master of Ceremonies.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Lodge, No. 72, initiated 36 new members in honor of the visit of D.D. Edward W. McCabe recently, when over 200 Elks were on hand to hear his inspiring address.

No. 72 has been enjoying a boom in membership, which now numbers more than 1600. Plans are being discussed for a complete remodeling job on its home, to take care of the latest recruits.

JACKSON, TENN., Lodge, No. 192, cooperating with the local Army Recruiting Officers, financed and sponsored a booth at the West Tennessee District Fair, and manned it with several of its members who assisted in recruiting men for the Army.

That their efforts were successful is evidenced by the fact that testimonial letters from both the Jackson office and the State office at Nashville for the U. S. Army Recruiting Drive, state that 30 men were recruited, and it is fully expected that there will be more at a later counting.



Above are officers and candidates of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge with D.D. Carl Hammond.



Forty new members of Glendive, Mont., Lodge are pictured with their officers.



Officers of Camden, N. J., Lodge, pictured with a large class initiated in honor of Judge R. S. Ayres, who proposed the majori-

ty of candidates. Present were D.D. Bloomfield Phrampus, State President D. S. Reichy, and State Vice-President Peter Musso.

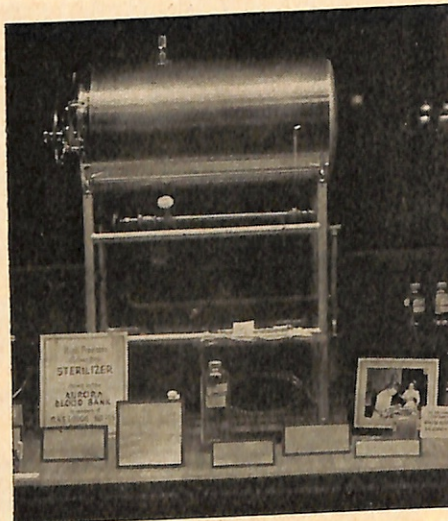
NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



A photograph taken when golf trophies and prizes for the Ohio State and Hamilton, O., championship contests were awarded at Hamilton Lodge.



E.R. R. M. Hettinger burns the mortgage on the home of Lancaster, O., Lodge, before other officials.



The high-pressure laboratory autoclave donated by Aurora, Ill., Lodge to the city's blood bank.



Traverse City, Mich., Lodge's \$5,000 check for the Munson Hospital Expansion Fund is presented to Supt. Bennett McCarthy of the Hospital by Secy. H. D. Gage.

PRESCOTT, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 330, went all-out to celebrate its Golden Jubilee recently when a class of 30 candidates was initiated—including two for Phoenix Lodge. L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum, was the principal speaker at the ceremonies. Another important Elk who spoke was Gov. Sidney P. Osborn. D.D. Carl Hammond and State Pres. Filmore Stanton also spoke.

The first lodge to be instituted in the State, Prescott's charter membership list boasts the names of 25 of the early civic leaders of the city, and now lists more than 700 representative citizens.

The two-day celebration wound up with hundreds of Elks and their families at a big barbecue, and a dance at the Prescott Junior High School Auditorium.

MILLVILLE, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, turned out in full force recently to launch its campaign to secure \$6,000 for the Elks Crippled Kiddies Committee, and to pay tribute to Eugene Gallaher, Chairman of the Committee, in recognition of his 25 years of devoted service to this cause.

Edgar T. Reick was Master of Ceremonies for the evening and introduced Secy. George J. Kirchner following the dinner, attended by 350 Elks and their guests. Among others introduced were Mayor Clarence H. Reeves and several prominent doctors and members of the Order. State Pres. Daniel Reichy, State Vice-Pres. Peter Musso, State Secy. Howard Lewis, D.D. Bloomfield Phrampus and Albert E. Dearden, Secy. of Trenton Lodge and formerly of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, were loud in their praises both of Millville Lodge's crippled children's activities and Mr. Gallaher's splendid work for these underprivileged youngsters. Mr. Gallaher spoke briefly, thanking his Brother Elks for the honor paid him, and outlined the work of his Committee for the past 25 years. At a cost of \$102,550.60, Mr. Gallaher said, 26,268 patients were taken care of in that time; in 5,678 operations performed, only three resulted in death.

The lodge's Quartette scored a big hit, and shared the duty of putting on musical entertainment with a pianist and violinist.

SAN JOSE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 522, thought up a pat title for its meeting September 5th when it called it Big Nite. One of the most successful sessions ever held, it was highlighted by the initiation of eight men, including a member for Carlsbad, N. M., Lodge, dinner and some very fine entertainment. Seven out-of-town visitors were present and six Past Exalted Rulers of No. 522 were on tap for the festivities.

The San Jose Elks Bowling Tournament got off to a good start recently, and the Spartan Booster Club held a barbecue and Pre-Football Game Rally not long ago which found keen appreciation among the participants.

DES PLAINES, ILL., Lodge, No. 1526, put on an impressive display of its ranks when D.D. Enoch K. Carlson made his official visit there recently. Over 200 Elks were present, plus a new batch of 50, many of whom live in outlying districts.

**Elks National Foundation
"Most Valuable Student"
Scholarship Awards**

SPECIAL NOTICE

The applications of students who wish to be considered for these scholarship awards must be filed with the Secretary of the State Association, of the State in which the applicant is resident, on or before March 1, 1947.

FORT MORGAN, COLO., Lodge, No. 1143, threw a feed for the local Cub Scouts recently, in which many of the parents horned in, swelling the number of diners to 165.

Food can't be very scarce out that way, because the Fort Morgan Elks invited the Boy Scouts and their fathers to supper a few nights earlier and 75 of them showed up and had a fine time.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS., Lodge, No. 1011, paid tribute to those members of the lodge, living and dead, who served in World War II. More than 250 members assembled in the lodge home to honor the three warrior Elks who made the supreme sacrifice and to welcome home 82 luckier ex-GIs.

Principal speakers were Past District Deputy Daniel J. Honan, an Elks War Commission representative, and Congressman Joseph W. Martin, Jr., a member of No. 1011 for 33 years. The Mayor of Attleboro, P.E.R. Frank J. O'Neil, P.D.D., and several Elk and civic officials also spoke briefly.

The evening's program opened with a delicious turkey dinner and, following the addresses, excellent entertainment was provided, including motion pictures of various Elk activities. Movies were also taken that evening for preservation in the Elk files.

WEBSTER, MASS., Lodge, No. 1466, made a gala to-do about the dedication of its new home recently, with a dress-up Dedication Ball the evening before the exercises were held. The ceremonies, which were under the aegis of D.D. Morton O. Chamberlin, drew such Massachusetts luminaries as Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation; Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, and Past State Pres. George Steele. At the lodge session which followed, a class of 24 men was initiated and a banquet was served, preceding open house in the new home.

LAFAYETTE, IND., Lodge, No. 143, lost one of its most devoted and prominent members November 11th, when W. C. Knowles passed away after a two-year illness.

A resident of Lafayette for 33 years, Mr. Knowles was active in fraternal circles and, as an Elk, he had held several important posts. Exalted Ruler of No. 143 in 1934, Mr. Knowles was appointed District Deputy by Judge John S. McClelland, Grand Exalted Ruler, in 1941. He was also a member of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association.

Besides his widow, Past District Deputy Knowles is survived by four daughters and three sons.



D.D. E. J. Alexander and State Pres. Walter Trantow, second and third from right respectively, and Washington Southwest District Exalted Rulers at a special meeting at Longview Lodge.



Officers and new members of Minot, N. D., Lodge are pictured with D.D. John K. Kennelly on his official visit there.



The State Ritualistic Champions of Oakland, Calif., Lodge are congratulated by D.D. August Lepori, fourth from left, during his visit to that lodge.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Perfect harmony is evidenced by Missouri Elk dignitaries who were guests at an annual picnic given by Excelsior Springs Lodge.



A class of candidates which was initiated into Jackson, Mich., Lodge recently.



Officers of East Liverpool, O., Lodge are photographed with D.D. Joseph Hurst and the class of 23 men initiated in his honor.

ORDER'S HISTORY IN MOTION-PICTURE FORM

"Twixt Dream and Deed", a 16-millimeter film, either sound or silent, can be secured by the lodges and State Associations to show at regular meetings, or to prospective members. A color film, it gives the story of Elksdom from its beginning to the present time.

It can either be purchased or secured free of charge for one-day use through the Chicago Film Laboratory, Inc., 18 West Walton Place, Chicago 10, Ill.

COLUMBUS, GA., Lodge, No. 1639, opened its new home recently with the initiation of 26 candidates. The Ritualistic and Degree Team of East Point Lodge No. 1617 conducted the ceremonies, having flown to Columbus in two planes where they were greeted by Exalted Ruler A. M. Pickard and Past State President R. J. Alander, Past Exalted Ruler.

No. 1639, though a comparatively new lodge, was one of the first to establish a Fraternal Center. In 1944 it was able to pay cash for its new three-story home, and now that it has been furnished completely from cellar to roof, its 350 members have taken over.

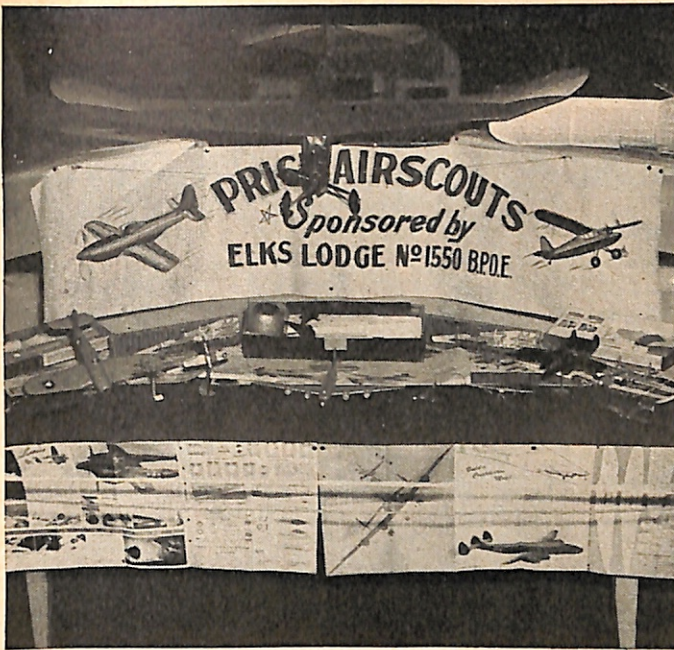
MELROSE, MASS., Lodge, No. 1031, took a Monday evening off not long ago, and devoted every minute of it to its World War II veteran members.

Over 100 Elks, including 30 of the 50 ex-GIs, enjoyed a delicious chicken-pie supper, after which festivities were continued in the lodge room.

P.D.D. Joseph Casey was Toastmaster and introduced E.R. Ralph S. Johnson who warmly welcomed those present. P.D.D. Arthur G. Ledwith addressed the former servicemen who themselves added to the program's interest by recounting their most humorous experiences while in uniform. A professional show took up the rest of the evening, during which each of the former GIs received a good-looking leather billfold and an Elks' lapel pin from their grateful Brother members.

GLENDALE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1289, took great pride recently in presenting, through E.R. Homer S. Johnson and Past Exalted Ruler John E. Michelmore, a member of the State Assn.'s Scholarship Committee, a \$100 Elks National Foundation Scholarship to Miss Ruth Posin.

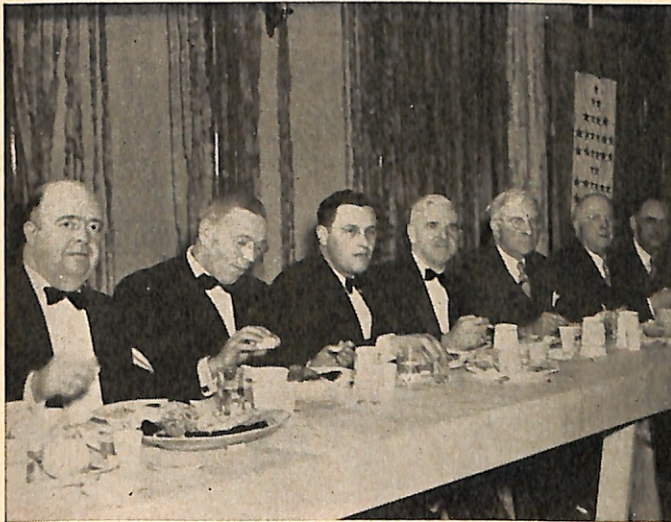
Six years ago Miss Posin and her parents were prisoners in a German concentration camp in Czechoslovakia. When the Posins obtained their freedom they came to the United States. At that time Ruth Posin could not speak a word of English. Since that time she has gone through our elementary and high schools and now speaks our language without a trace of accent. This scholarship will enable her to finance her education at the University of California.



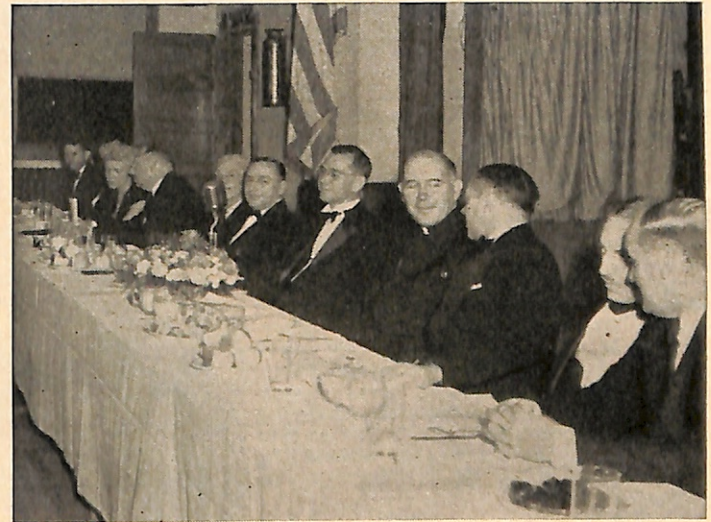
The newly organized Air Scouts, one of the many worthy projects of Price, Utah, Lodge erected this impressive display at the Southeastern Utah Fair.



E.R. A. A. Low; Richard Morris, \$300 State scholarship winner; Arthur Kemalyan, \$100 Elks National Foundation scholarship winner, and School Principal J. M. Bryan at Alameda, Calif.



Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, third and second from right, with other Mass. Elks at the dedication of Webster, Mass., Lodge's new home.



The speakers' table at Millville, N. J., Lodge's dinner launching its campaign for \$6,000 for the Crippled Kiddies Committee and honoring Eugene Gallaher on his 25th year as chairman.



Above are the candidates who were initiated into Riverton, Wyo., Lodge during the official visit of D.D. Bryant S. Cromer, (extreme right, first row), and the lodge officers.



Officers of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge and State Vice-Pres. James Nilan look on as D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy, extreme right, greets E.R. Edward B. Bristow.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., Lodge, No. 980, like most branches of the Order, has a terrific interest in sports, and its recent "Sports Stag Night" was a baseball fan's dream.

Following a double-header at Davenport Municipal Stadium, No. 980 entertained several diamond stars at a program emceed by E.R. Robert W. Boeye who called upon Mayor Melvin McKay to welcome the players. Bob Feller of the Cleveland Indians addressed the crowd of nearly 300, introducing the other members of his all-star team which is on a barnstorming tour. Other members of this team who were entertained that evening were Charley Keller, Mickey Vernon, Jim Hegan, Phil Rizzuto and Rollie Hemsley.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Lodge, No. 788, honored 46 fellow Elks who served in World War II at a "Welcome Home" dinner and dance at its home November 9th.

P.D.D. Joseph Miscia of Montclair Lodge was Toastmaster at the affair and introduced each veteran to the more than 100 Elks and their guests who were present. Some interesting anecdotes were related, which everyone enjoyed, and Lieutenant Stanley Golas, USN, spoke of some of his experiences during the Bikini atom bomb tests, carefully omitting any salient military details. E.R. Harold Camisa, who was a prisoner of war in Germany, thanked Frank Schmidt and his committee for arranging such a fine welcome for the veterans.

No. 788's Fresh Air Fund drive went over big this year, with \$1,500 raised during the season. Thirty-six underprivileged children of the city were given a chance to go to summer camp for a two-week vacation and, according to all reports, came back carrying some extra poundage. Tom Davies was Chairman of the drive, ably assisted by Editor John King of the local newspaper.



Bob Feller autographs a baseball for Rock Island, Ill., Elks when he and his All-Star team were entertained at the lodge home recently.



The city-champion Elks softball team of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge receives a trophy from Ralph Borrelli, playground director for the Harbor area.



The Peabody Elks Junior Baseball Team which is winner of the Junior Baseball Championship

sponsored by Gloucester, Salem, Wakefield, Winthrop and Peabody, Mass., Lodges.

NEWS OF THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS

VERMONT



Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, and Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, left to right in left foreground, pictured as Vt. State Pres. G. Herbert Moulton presented a Fairbanks scale to Mr. Broughton during the Vermont Elks Convention. Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers is seated in the foreground, while Grand Treasurer John F. Burke stands to Mr. Moulton's left. Others shown in the photograph are New England Elk dignitaries.



Tennessee Elk officials are pictured during the meeting of the State Elks Association as Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland placed a wreath on the grave of P.D.D. L. Z. Turpin in the presence of Mrs. Turpin.

The State Armory in St. Johnsbury was the scene of the 1946 Convention of the Vermont State Elks Association on October 19th and 20th.

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton was present on this occasion, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan were two other distinguished visitors, besides Grand Treasurer John F. Burke. Other dignitaries who swelled the crowd of 250 were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, D.D. Archie Buttura, Barre, and State Pres. G. Herbert Moulton of St. Johnsbury Lodge. Two Massachusetts officials, State Pres. Edward Spry and Past State Pres. George Steele, were also on hand.

The Grand Exalted Ruler paid special commendation to the Vermont Elks for their fine work for, and large financial contributions to the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children, as well as for their aid to veterans at the Veterans Administration Hospital at White River Junction in the way of magazines, movies and entertainment. Plans are under way to join with the Elks of Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire in ritualistic competition and the feasibility of this idea is being investigated.

The social part of the meeting opened Saturday evening with a buffet supper and at 11:05 p.m. the drawing of prizes for the benefit of the Vermont Camp for Crippled Children took place. During the Convention, out-going State Pres. G. Herbert Moulton presented a Fairbanks Scale, made in St. Johnsbury, to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The officers were elected at the business meeting Sunday morning. They are: Pres., Melvin W. Moore, Springfield; 1st Vice-Pres., Daughly Gould, Montpelier; 2nd Vice-Pres., Earl Weeks, Bennington; 3rd Vice-Pres., A. J. Mawn, St. Albans; Treas., J. W. Burke, Rutland; Tiler, H. H. Cumm, Bennington, and Trustees for three years: F. C. Corry, Montpelier; Andrew P. Morrison, Springfield; W. H. Rudd, Bennington, and G. E. Charron, St. Albans. Appointive offices are not yet announced, nor are the date and place of the next meeting decided upon.

After the annual dinner, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, delivered an address to the gathering, stressing the aims and purposes of the Foundation. Vermont some time ago subscribed 100% to the Foundation, and eight lodges in the State have already signed as Permanent Benefactors.

CALIFORNIA

California Elks and their ladies—8,231 strong—registered at the first postwar, full-dress Convention of the State Association at Los Angeles Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th. With Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 as host for the second consecutive time, the 32nd annual meeting was one of both fun and seriousness. Pres. Horace R. Wisely of Salinas struck the keynote at the opening session with a dedication and promise of all-out aid to the State's disabled veterans. The veterans' program will be a continuation of 1945-46 activities which featured the establishment of a comprehensive occupational therapy program

NEWS OF THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS

in California's 22 active Army and Navy hospitals. The Calif. Elks War Commission report, given by Chairman Lloyd C. Leedom, showed that nearly \$35,000 was spent in supplies.

Mayor Fletcher Bowron and Gov. Earl Warren, both Elks, welcomed their fellow members to this Convention at which the following officers were elected: Pres., R. Leonard Bush, Inglewood; Vice-Pres.'s: S., Harmon C. Brown, Riverside; S. Cent., George McGaughey, Jr., Burbank; E. Cent., Arlo H. Simon, Modesto; W. Cent., Frank Lee Crist, Palo Alto; Bay Dist., Edward E. Keller, San Mateo, and N., Henry J. Brouillard, Redding; Trustees: S., William F. Peterson, Brawley; E. Cent., Harry Kimball, Hanford, and N., J. F. Misphey, Sacramento. Edgar W. Dale, Richmond, and Harry B. Hoffman, Sonora, were retained as Secretary and Treasurer respectively, and the following were appointed: Sgt.-at-Arms, Dr. Clifford M. Winchell, Pasadena; Chaplain, Col. the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, San Jose, and Tiler, Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles.

The Victory Loan Chairman, Allen F. DeWitt, reported that the Elks in the State oversubscribed their \$30,000,000 quota for the last year by purchasing \$58,419,138 worth of Bonds, to bring the total for the 6th, 7th and Victory Loan Drives to \$204,498,600.



It was also reported that in addition to the regular scholarships offered high school students, the National Foundation and the Scholarship Committee for California, through the efforts of Berkeley Lodge, obtained two \$300 scholarships for students of the California School for the Deaf and Dumb. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles presented a report outlining Grand Lodge and subordinate lodge activities, as well as a report of the work of the War Commission, which is being continued by the Rehabilitation Commission.

The Ritualistic Contest brought five lodges into final competition, with Oakland Lodge first, Glendale second, Brawley third, Salinas fourth and Porterville fifth. The Glendale Glee Club took first place in the contest for large groups, and Santa Monica won top honors for the smaller clubs.

The annual Memorial Service was conducted by Past Pres. C. B. Hebenstreit and Justice Thomas P. White of

the District Court of Appeal, a member of No. 99, delivered the address, followed by an impressive musical program.

Many Past Presidents, including L. A. Lewis, a member of the Grand Forum, were on hand at this conclave which surpassed any other in round-the-clock entertainment provided by Los Angeles Lodge. Trips to radio broadcasts, a fashion show for the Elks' ladies, and a galaxy of sports contests kept everybody happy. The final public rally, at which stage and screen personalities, including Arthur (Dagwood) Lake and Rudy Vallee, appeared, was attended by more than 15,000 persons.

Much of the fun of the meeting was taken care of by Dumbo, an elephant brought by Huntington Park Lodge, and the "Elks Flying Squadron" of No. 99 which had raided lodges throughout the State to demand representatives for the Convention, and were much in evidence throughout the meeting, with six-guns and cowboy suits and their steed, a jeep.

Before the 1946 meeting closed, San Diego was chosen as the site of next year's Convention.

UTAH

At executive meetings held by the



A photograph taken during the impressive Memorial Services held in connection with

the recent Convention of the California State Elks Association in Los Angeles.

Utah State Elks Assn. Nov. 10th at the home of Provo Lodge No. 849, activities for the year were outlined and it was decided to hold the 1947 meeting June 7th and 8th in Salt Lake City.

State Pres. R. T. Mitchell, Price, presided at the meetings which were attended by approximately 180 Utah Elks. The members of the Activities Committee made up their minds to see that at least two more lodges are formed in Utah during the coming year, and will stress inter-lodge activities to a greater degree. The Veterans' Service Committee of the Association will check all draft boards to see how many men are in Veterans Hospitals, and will outline a program to benefit them. The Committee recommended that the Elks' ladies take an active part in this program. Underprivileged and crippled children will be assisted and the Students' Loan Fund Committee outlined a full program.

Other officers of the Association this year are Secy., R. J. Caranivali, Price; 1st Vice-Pres., D. J. McMurphy, Cedar City; 2nd Vice-Pres., C. Wade Giggey, Ogden, and Treas., H. B. Simonsen, Price.

ARKANSAS

The Arkansas State Elks Association was organized at Hot Springs Lodge No. 380 Sept. 18th, with Elks present from many lodges in the State.

W. H. Laubach, Little Rock, formerly an officer in the old Association, was elected President, and Harry Paulus, Brinkley, is first Vice-President, with J. B. Freese, Hot Springs, Secretary. Walter M. Ebel is now State Chaplain, a capacity he also fills for Hot Springs Lodge.

D.D. John Faye, E. W. St. John and Mr. Ebel were named to a committee to bring the by-laws of the old State Association up to date, and W. S. Kitchen was promised the full cooperation of the Association in securing a charter for a lodge at Mountain Home, Ark. This lodge, No. 1714, has since been instituted and a report of the event will appear in the February issue of the magazine.



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Editorial

The Last Quarter



WITH the month of January a new calendar year begins, and the Order of Elks enters upon the last quarter of its fiscal year.

The Order has had a most successful year "up to now". Members have been coming into the lodges in satisfactory numbers, and with the final spurt usually made in this last quarter all indications point to a general increase that will bring the membership to a new high.

It is a source of satisfaction to note the number of servicemen coming into the Order. These men have been attracted by the work of the Elks during the war, and by the Order's distinctive Americanism.

Financial conditions throughout the Order are excellent, and if the receipt of dues for the current period is a criterion, the lapsation problem has shrunk to insignificant proportions. But eternal vigilance is the price of paidup memberships, and collections must not be let down.

The Elks Magazine wishes for all lodges a most successful last quarter of the lodge year, and to its readers, one and all, a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

A New Year Is Born



NEW YEAR has been born, and is now rolling down the track of time. Here on its threshold it is well for all Americans to pause and give consideration to the things it may hold in store.

The world's most fervent wish is that it will bring peace, that the negotiations of the United Nations will find common ground for understanding and effective means to outlaw war before the year has run its course.

No one can view the scene today without realizing that a new world is in the making, and that it is a world spawned in blood, and tears, and desolation. The war is over but the blackness of its shadow has darkened the holiday joys of thousands of American homes.

The United Nations are striving, as the year begins, to find a formula for enduring peace, but action is delayed by a conflict of ideologies.

There is no question as to the road America will take. Last September the Order rededicated one of the world's most beautiful Memorials to the memory of 1800 Elks who, in World War II, were united in spirit with 1000 Elks who died in World War I. These Elks, and countless other brave Americans, gave their lives to preserve the American way.

Hundreds of thousands of American boys who have come

back from World War II are standing on the threshold of this new year, watching the United Nations, wondering what the outcome of their negotiations will be. These men have not come back boasting of victory; they want only to be good citizens, taking up life where they left off. They have seen totalitarianism at work, and will have none of it. They demand, and must receive, the right to make their own way, and to reap rewards commensurate with their ability to succeed.

There are many in America today who would make this war-born world a totalitarian world. With smooth speech and specious argument they seek to sow seeds of mistrust in the minds of our youth, and create doubts as to the efficacy of the democratic processes to govern longer.

There are those who may be found in our larger cities, denouncing America and all her works, and boldly waving the red flag of the commune. And, trailing behind, are the advocates of the twin evil fascism, hooded and gowned, preaching hate and intolerance from behind concealing masks.

The new year finds unrest at home in a world where chaos rules. But this is a domestic issue and will be settled in the American way, and without the aid of the doctrines of Karl Marx. Our people think for themselves, and it is their right to express their thoughts in public and private, and by way of the ballot box. America is now and always will be a "government of the people, for the people, and by the people".

Public Relations



GOOD public relations are an important factor in the success of any organizations, but they cannot be established by light "hid under a bushel", nor can they be improved even by worthwhile activities unless they are properly publicized.

The Order of Elks, in recent years, has gone forward at a rapid pace, and its accelerated progress can be attributed in great measure to improved public relations, a better understanding of the work of the Elks and of the Order's capacity to render service. Much of this improvement may be attributed to the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission's prewar campaign for national preparedness and the intensive publicity with which it was carried on.

The great service rendered by the Order at this crucial period and the publicity it received established a relationship with the press and public which improved during the war years when the activity of the Elks was making front page news.

Public relations are improved by publicizing worthwhile events. Memorial Day, with its fine sentiment, and Flag Day, with its appeal to patriotism, given proper publicity are an excellent means of improving public relations. With prominent speakers and well-balanced programs these functions make news that local editors will be glad to print.

Every lodge should have a member delegated to contact the local press and keep the editor informed as to the activities of the Order. Most editors will be found cooperative if there is a story to tell. The news value of the Elks has been greatly enhanced because of its war record. It enjoys excellent public relations because the public better understands the Order, and has learned that it is capable of real service. These relations must be maintained by continued "endeavors for good".

COMMEMORATING THE BIRTH OF A GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY



What the Alcoholic Beverage Industry has contributed to the Nation's Economy in the 13 Years since Repeal

THIRTEEN years ago at this time we Americans gave up a misguided experiment.

From 1920 through 1933, we tried to abolish the use of alcoholic beverages while they were being made and enjoyed in other countries.

The experiment was a hopeless failure. We gave it up—and re-established legal sale—"by the people, for the people and of the people."

For thirteen years this industry, operating under strict supervision and regulation by Federal, State and local government, has carried out faithfully, to the best of its ability, the mandate from the American people to produce alcoholic beverages of sound quality.

In the discharge of this responsibility the industry has become an important element of our national economy.

Back in 1933 and 1934, when we were recuperating from one of the worst business disasters in our history, this newly established industry helped to speed recovery, giving direct and indirect employment to millions and providing new and substantial markets for the products of our farms and factories.

Among the American industries that were benefited *then*—and are still being benefited

today are: Bottles, Cans, Glassware... Corks and Closures... Machinery... Lumber... Real Estate... Equipment and Fixtures... Fuel, Light and Power... Transportation... Farm Products including Grain, Grapes and Other Fruits... Paper and Printing.

What The Legal Alcoholic Beverage Industry Stands For

Today—in contrast with conditions in the 14 years when alcoholic beverages were sold illegally—there exists a legal industry with thousands of respectable, law-abiding, licensed retailers, aware of their social obligations and pledged to these principles:

1. To promote the principle and practice of moderation.
2. To confine sales strictly to legal hours.
3. To maintain clean, orderly establishments.
4. To refrain from serving knowingly anyone under legal age.
5. To avoid selling intoxicated persons or those of questionable character.
6. To cooperate fully with control authorities in enforcement of the laws.

Again in World War II, when our vital rubber supply was cut off, this industry pitched in and produced more than 40 per cent of the industrial alcohol needed for synthetic rubber and a long list of essential war products... earning a commendation by the War Production Board, "*for your magnificent accomplishments in the service of the nation in its time of peril.*"

Last, but not least, are benefits shared through taxes levied on these legal beverages. Since Repeal, the public revenue on alcoholic beverages has exceeded 20 billion dollars.

These billions have gone into Federal, State and local treasuries for hospitals, education, veterans' care and rehabilitation, old age pensions and other necessary public services.

We take modest pride in bringing you this short review of progress on our thirteenth birthday since Repeal.

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